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THE PIONEER PATRIOT;
OR,
THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.
A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER VII.
THE TORY'S PLANS.

When Isabel had leaped away from the foul wretch who had taken her in his lap, she had only recognized him; but as she reached the opposite tent, and there turned and gazed back, she saw either man sitting upright, and she saw them smiling, too.

"By Saint George!" cried Guy Bradbrook, "but you did this well, Moses. You shall be paid handsomely!"

"I know I could do it," returned the ruffian, with a low chuckle.

Isabel saw her gaze upon him as he spoke, and she recognized the man who had come to the fort on the previous morning, as a deserter from the British camp. He still wore the gown, which hung about his limbs damp and flaggy, and seemed to be awaiting further orders.

"Did they treat ye right off?" asked Guy.

"No, sir. They asked me all sort of questions, and then put two men to watch me all day. They thought I didn't know it, but I knew them. Those two keen chaps weren't a follerin' me everywhere I looked for nothing. I played the mad down over their eyes, and filled their throats with soft grease, till I made 'em believe all I wanted, and they swallered it just as sure as I'm alive to-day."

"Good, on your head, Moses. And now you may go and jump into dry clothes as soon as you please, and then you may turn in, if you like."

After this Guy Bradbrook turned towards the trembling girl. He was a young man, not much turned-twenty, and possessed a look which could have belonged to no great evil or noble heart. In frame he was short and stout, being quite corpulent for one of his years. In fact, he looked stouter than he really was, for a large proportion of the mass was owing to flesh, for bone. His hair and beard were black, his forehead low and receding; the top of the head narrow and small; the eyes of a sharp, reverential black; while the features of the face were angular, noticeably classifying the amount of flesh thereon. His complexion was very dark, partly from exposure, and partly from the natural hue of the skin. There was a wicked smile upon his coarse face, and an exultant look beamed from his dark eyes.

At a motion from the young Tory all left the tent save himself and his father.

And Guy Bradbrook's father is worth a moment's notice. His Christian name, as the reader may remember, was Mathias. He was taller than his son, but not so fleshy. His hair, which had once been of a sandy hue, was all grizzled now, and stood out square and coarse on his head. His brow was heavy, hanging far over the small, yellowish gray eyes that sparkled beneath. The most prominent feature was his nose, which was large in every way. It was long from the bridge down; it was large from the lip to the tip, and it was wide from side to side. It had a brilliant hue, said to be the result of a humor in the blood; but then this humor in the blood he did not so readily account for; though one thing is certain: could tenacity, and wine, and gin, and old Jamaica rum have cured the disorder, it would have been cured long before. But it did not seem to operate in this way. The old Tory's constitution was proof against any, continuously—receiving libations, did not seem to lessen the brilliant glow of the nasal honor so all. Nathan Bradbrook had other and more pleasant and affable, and he could win upon the esteem of strangers; but he could be put the opposite of all this when it suited his purpose. And yet few of his friends knew him as he was, for he had a peculiar faculty of governing his outward expressions to correspond with the traits he wished those about him to suppose him possessed of.

After all had withdrawn save Guy and his father and the maiden, the former turned to the latter, and said—

"Did, my beauty, hated I done it now? Did you think you could escape me?"

"I have not sought to escape thee, Guy, nor in any way to offend thee," replied she, in a soft and sad half reproachful tone. She thought of the confidence her father had reposed in these men, of the great friendship they had professed, and then she thought of the bitter Tory feeling she had shown her not many hours before. And she soon she believe, as upon reflection, Philip had determined that she should leave the character of the father and son, and had obtained them from the colonel for that purpose. The name of the Gansevoort hale Philip keep the maidens in his own possession, as the time might come when he could use them to advantage.

"You haven't, eh?" returned the young Tory, contemptuously. "You didn't run away with Philip Lancey, did you?"

"No, sir—I did not!" the beautiful girl said, her form more erect, and her face flushed with indignation. She thought it bad enough thus to be dragged, by brutal, blinding hands, away from her friends; but to be thus received—to be taunted by one who had so foul a character—was too much. It started the fire of resentment to life within her, and even Guy Bradbrook might have quailed before her, had he not deemed his power over her absolute.

ISABEL CARLTON AND HER TORY PERSECUTOR.

"I did not!" she repeated, as her indignant gazed into her face.

"Didn't run away with Philip Lancey? What good'll it do ye to lie about it? What d'ye mean? Didn't ye run away from Lancey's house with him? and didn't he carry ye to the fort?"

"No, sir," still answered the maiden, proudly and firmly, being upheld by the consciousness of her own rectitude. "When the poor people from the western settlements came flocking in, and informed us that the enemy were coming with fire and sword, burning down houses, and scalping defenceless women and children——"

"Stop! Don't repeat such infernal Rebel lies!" interrupted Guy. "You know that not a woman has been scalped."

"Ah, Guy Bradbrook—but I am pained to dispute thee. With my own eyes have I seen the reeking scalp, with its long, dark tresses bloody and dank, as it came from the belt of one of your Indian warriors. It was the scalp of poor Margaret McGilvery. But enough of this. When I knew such as enemy was coming, I fled with my guardian to a place of safety. I went with him who alone, of all the men on earth, has the legal right to command my obedience."

"Aha, pretty coo, you mean that as a gentle hint that you won't obey me, eh?"

"I spoke with no such meaning, sir. I simply answered your base insinuation. I followed Walter Lancey—he was my companion—and he alone held a place near me during our flight, starting, of course, old Philip."

"But why did you flee?"

"Do you ask such a question in sober earnest?"

"Yes—to be sure I do," returned Guy, in not quite so prompt a tone as that used before. "Why should you fear our forces?"

"You cannot expect me to answer that question, sir. It is already answered. The many scores of ruined homes and bleaching bones—bones from which the hands and hearts of men have torn the semblance of humanity—must give you an answer. Should I have remained there all alone, and waited thus for the coming of the savages? O, you but believed yourself by such questions!"

"Well—I declare—you are keen, Bel, me beauty. But say, wouldn't Philip have remained with you?"

This was spoken in a wicked, sarcastic manner, and was evidently meant as a punishment for the maiden's last reply—partly for that, I think, though perhaps not wholly; for the belief that Isabel loved the handsome, brave young Rebel, resulted in his soul like a fiercer brand. The maiden gazed into his face a moment, and then, in a calm, meaning tone, she answered—

"Had I asked Philip Lancey to protect me, I am sure he would have done it. I mistake him very much, if he would not risk his own life at any time, for the safety of a powerless female who had the right to look to him for protection. She had spoken in a calm, firm tone, which light he has always regarded me."

"Enough—I spare no. Yes—O, yes—I think it very likely. You are his dear sister, Isabel! He calls you 'dear sister,' doesn't he?"

"I can tell you one thing about him: He never descends to the unmanly, heartless work of insulting a defenceless female."

"No—I s'pose not," said Guy, coloring. "He is a paragon. But let him go for the present. Mr. Philip Lancey and I may have a short talk, face to face, one of these days. We'll have a quiet little set-to, as Mr. Frenchman calls it. But I've got ye now, Bel, me beauty, and I mean to keep ye. Only one more question about that escape of yours: Which way did you go?"

"We went to the fort."

"I am aware of that; but what way did you take—how did you reach it?"

"That is more than I can tell you, sir. We followed our guide, and he led us safely through."

"But you went by no beaten path."

"We were in a beaten path over two hours."

"But how did you gain the fort? or at what time did you reach it?"

"It was late when he got there, sir—ten o'clock, I should think."

"Then you worked your way through the thick wood without any path?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now I understand it. But I tell ye, Bel, you had a narrower chance than might. Perhaps you heard the Indians in the wood?"

"Yes, sir," returned the maiden, with a shudder, as she remembered the fearful events of that dark night.

"Plague take 'em!" pursued the young Tory, half to himself, "they served me a trick worse than mining the Rebels. They stole my dog. You remember that noble hound?"

"Yes," said Isabel.

"Well—let them take him to—to—to. They stole him, and they stole him, or else killed him. At all events, I haven't seen him since. Curses on 'em! Why, I wouldn't, at this moment, if that dog was safe and sound before me, give his life to save every Indian in the country. But he's gone!"

A silence of some moments followed this, and finally the old man spoke—

"I suppose Isabel would like to retire. Would you not, my dear?"

"I would not a question first," she returned.

"Certainly, my dear child," responded Nathan, in a mock, hypocritical tone. "Ask as many as you please."

"I would ask what you mean to do with me?" the maiden said, speaking to the old man.

"Let me ask you a question, dear Isabel," the old renegade answered. "What would you have done at the fort?"

"Looked in the care of my loyal guardian, sir."

"And for how long a time, do you think, my child?"

"As long as he remained there, sir."

"Which, permit me to inform you, my dear Isabel, will be but a very short time. The fort will be taken as soon as our preparations are completed, and had you remained there till that time, your position might have been very unpleasant. We sent for you in order that we might have charge of you, and every interest is so identified with our own. When your good father died, and left you in the care of Walter Lancey, he little dreamed resided in his own like a fellow-brute. The maiden gazed into his face a moment, and then, in a calm, meaning tone, she answered—

"You had no right to drag me away from my guardian hand," the fair girl murmured, in a sad tone.

We had the most sacred right, dear Isabel. You are now to be in all time to come, while we live on earth. We know that you were kept from us."

"No, no! I but obeyed my father in remaining with Mr. Lancey. He would keep me. It was of my own accord that I remained."

"Never mind. You'll remain with us now; and I'll be very good sort shall have the fullest right of earth to protect you. You must remember that circumstances like the present often render it necessary to change the most important measures. This war has put a new phase upon our relations. Of course, we cannot allow you to remain longer with one who is an open enemy to his king; and in order for us to have the perfect right to protect you, and also that the tongue of scandal may cut down lies, it will be necessary that you at once become what your father so fondly and earnestly prayed that you should be. You, dear Isabel understand me, my dear."

Isabel did understand, and she turned pale as death. With a fearful shudder, she cast her eyes upon Guy Bradbrook, and until that moment she had not fully realized the utter degradation of his character. Most she be bound for life to such a thing! She thought of Philip Lancey—young, brave, handsome, generous, and noble; and the contrast was startling. Deep down in her heart there lay a powerful love—she had known it for a long time, and she had sought to stifle it and forget; but as well might she have striven to forget the father who had given home before her. She knew that she loved her guardian's son; and the love had grown to life without fault of hers. Then she remembered the dying words of her foolishly-loved parent, and she could not disobey him. But his express with had been that she should not become a wife until she was nineteen. Some months would elapse ere that time. She could at least demand so much respite. It was a slight ground, to be sure, but still hope was afforded. What might not happen during three and a half months, especially in such troublous times?

"Mr. Bradbrook," she said, addressing the old man, and speaking in as calm a tone as she could command, "I will not profess to misunderstand you, though I trust you will follow out the plan so strongly by my father."

"Certainly, my dear," the grizzly sinner replied, with a fiery, devilish look in his eye. Certainly; we shall—have everything done as he wished it—just as he said. I planned it a hundred times. He often told me that if circumstances should transpire which might render a simple escape of your memory, that I could be done very easily. He left that entirely at my option."

"How, sir?" gasped the terrified girl, who began to see through the old villain's plan. "Gave you liberty to change the time! What time?"

"The time for marrying, my darling."

"No, no, sir! he never did that! With his own lips he told me that, under no circumstances, should I be married until the day on which I was nineteen years of age."

"Never mind, my dear," said Nathan Bradbrook, with that same wicked smile, but with a show of ugliness beneath it. "It won't argue the question. I remember very well what the arrangement was between your father and myself; and I shall not ask what he said to a little girl three-and-a-half years of age. You shall say no more. You see the position of things about us, and your own good judgment must show you that there is but one course for you to take. It is useless for you to remain longer with a band of outlaws and desperadoes, whom we cannot do it. And as for leaving your own fair fame suffer by being in camp without a husband, we cannot allow that to occur. But you are tired and worn out now. You may retire, and on the morrow we will have everything arranged.

"Fair?"

As the old man thus spoke, a sort of arrow was moved aside at the extremity of the tent, and a woman's head and face appeared.

"Comfort this lady by a place of rest, Dido, and see that she has all she needs to make her comfortable."

Then turning to Isabel, he added—

"My darling, you may go with good Dido; and may God and all good angels bless you!"

Isabel gently hesitated but a moment. She had much to say, but it could be of no use to say it then; so she turned and followed the black woman from the place.

"*I think she'll come to it!*" So spoke Guy Bradbrook. And the father answered—

"*If she don't, we'll bring her to it!*"

Isabel heard the remark and the reply. A quick, cold shudder ran through her frame, and her hands were clasped over her head.

She was conducted to a narrow apartment, where a cot was suspended from two upright posts, and into this Dido informed her that she could get as she wished. The maiden cast a searching glance into the sheo features before her to see if she could find any sympathy there; but it was a hard, cold face, and it seemed to be a stranger there.

Isabel lay down, and humbly prayed to God for help. The rain had ceased to fall, and she could hear the hum of voices in the main apartment of the tent. She listened attentively, and could understand that orders were being given for the apprehension of any strangers who might be found around the camp. She knew what this meant. She heard the deep tones of an Indian mingling in the conversation, and she could understand that a more strict watch was to be kept.

Isabel finally sank into an uneasy, troubled sleep, and the last word of prayer that rested upon her lips were for one whom, before God, and in her own soul, she freely acknowledged that she fondly loved. Never before had she realized how deep and strong that love had grown.

CHAPTER VIII.
TARDEN GUARDS.

All was cold-one for a while within the fort, when it was known that a prisoner had been made and safely carried off. The strides of a female could be plainly heard through the stores, and it was evident that one of the women of the garrison had been carried off.

Philip Lancey was soon dressed and out of doors, and he reached the western parapet just in season to hear the last faint cries of the victim that was being dragged away. In an instant the thought of Isabel flashed through his mind. With a wildly beating heart, he rushed to the apartment where the maiden had slept, and was met at the door by Mrs. Robinson and old Philip.

"Oh! save her, Philip! save the orphan!" wringing her hands as though she would twist them off. "Dear Miss Isabel am gone off!"

She has gone, sir!" added Mrs. Robinson. "I awoke not long since, and found her up and dressed, and a stranger woman waiting for her. That woman told her that Colonel Gansevoort and you wished to see her somewhere, and Isabel went out with her."

Philip would have rushed out at once, but Gansevoort's name came in just then, and restrained him of the folly of the measure.

If it was Isabel, she is within the enemy's lines ere this; and it is beyond our power to rescue her. But where is master Moses Van Brunt?"

"Ayes—where is he?" repeated Philip.

They soon found where the fellow had laid down, but he was not there then. Moses Van Brunt was gone. Search was made, but no Moses or the name of Van Brunt could be found.

"I had better done as my first impulse said," remarked Gansevoort, when he knew that the pretended deserter had gone off. "I could not like the fellow's looks; nor could I reconcile his sudden desire to be of service to us after his desertion. But it was my own fault. I ought not be have allowed the man to be removed, or I or some one else should follow. He must have found an opportunity to study our fortifications well, or he would have dared to make such a leap in the dark as he must have made if he went over where the sentries say he did."

There was no more sleep for Philip Lancey that night. He paced the floor of his room, the parade ground, regardless of the driving storm, and forgetful of all save the terrible fate which had that come upon him.

"She loved me!" he uttered to himself, as he paced through the falling rain. "She had loved me a long time. Who shall say how matters may stand on her unnatural birthday? She might then be freed from every impediment to—to—Oh! she shall not be lost to me such a cruel fate! She must not, cannot be. Oh! *Isabel!* Isabel! if I knew that you loved me as I have done, long ago, then did'st—if I thought 'twould afford thee joy to be restored to my father's side—I'd cast my life down at once, and die cheerfully!"

The unhappy youth was interrupted by his father, who had been out in the storm.

"Philip, my son,—why are you here, in the storm and rain? Come in!"

"Can you ask me, father?" the youth returned, in a sad, dejected tone.

"Yes, I can, my son, Philip; and I would ask them again. That thou should'st be grieved I would not have believed, had those doubtful words proceeded from any but a father's lips. Why here alone? Why seek the storm at such a time? Philip, my son, you have looked upon the maiden with hopes of winning more than a sister's love from her?"

The youth bowed, and cried into his father's face. The struggling beams from the signal-lamp fell upon his finely cast features, and the flashing of the gentle rain? Do you wonder that the sun gives light to her that stars shine in their lowly places when the king of day sinks upon his throne behind the curtain of night? Do you wonder at this?"

"No, my son," replied the old man, forgetting the rain as he gazed into the face of his boy.

"Then can you wonder that I have loved Isabel Carlton?—Bless—Bless me, my son!"

"Why, Philip. It is not safe for me."

"Ah—excuse me, father. I forgot your infirmity. Let me lead you."

Thus speaking, Philip took his parent by the arm, and led him to the place they were permitted to occupy.

"Now, my father," resumed our hero, "I will speak plainly, and tell you the whole truth in a

very few words. You ask me if I have loved the gentle maiden who has been under your care. I tell you I have. I have loved her with my whole soul—such my whole power of affection. But to her I never spoke of love. I knew not that she is aware of my passion. I could not help it. Oh! I knew it well; ever, until the chain that had bound me seemed not by its own shackling. When danger first came, and the thought that I might lose her presented itself—then—then, I knew that I loved her. And—I am sure she loves me in return."

"Ah! beware, Philip. Isabel Carlton love my son! You speak only a wild, boyish hope."

"No, father, I speak what I know."

"Beware, Philip, I—"

"I am sure of. I have seen that—I have heard it, and felt it—which gives me the assurance. In a moment of strange excitement—when death was upon all hands—she opened to me her heart. She did not mean it—she may not have known what she did or said, but it was enough for me. Oh! she does love me—I know it."

"Alas—I hope not!"

"What! Does't offend thee, father?" cried the youth, angrily.

"Say, my child, it doth not offend me; but it gives me pain. When I reasoned with you last night and gave a solemn promise to her father, that when she had reached a given age, I would not yield her up to him whom he had chosen to be her partner for life. The time has been more than once thrown open me that I would have Isabel be love one of my own sons. I supposed the base insinuation, and declared that my sons would uphold their father's honor."

"And so they have—and so they will!" answered Philip, energetically. He caught his father's hand as he added: "Never can word or love have I spoken to the maiden; nor have I ever hinted at the subject to her presence. Guy Bradbrook cannot say that you have failed to your promise. As a child of yours has knowingly kindled the flame of love in the bosom of his parent. But we have hearts and rights as well as they. You and I have feelings as proud, and we are to answer to a higher tribunal than that assumed by Nathan Bradbrook and his son. You were to keep Isabel till she was nineteen. It lacks but some few months of that time yet. And oh! my father, what may not happen within that period? I Isabel were with you, as she should be, what might not transpire until this turmoil ended—"

"Hush, Philip. You are treading on dangerous ground. Why will you strive to fan into a brighter flame a fire which already consumes the profound ground? If you would not make your poor old father miserable, you will forget this passion, and strive to banish the object of it from your mind."

Philip paused to and fro across the floor several times ere he made reply to this. He revolved the subject of his love for the beautiful girl over in his mind, and he could not make it appear that he had done any wrong wrong. He stopped and asked his father a question:

"Tell me, father,—and speak frankly. Had Robert Carlton known the character of Guy Bradbrook—or had he known the true character of Guy's father—would he ever have given his consent to the union of his only and fondly loved child with such a youth? Ask yourself the question, and answer it as you think it should be answered."

"My son, with what *might have* been we have nothing to do. We only know what *is*."

"No, no,—you are wrong, father. You know—you know it as well as you know what is—that Nathan Bradbrook obtained the guardianship of Robert Carlton by the most base and wicked deception. Do you not know this?"

"I think you are right, my son."

"Then whom should you fear to offend more than the spirit of the parent who has deceived him? If Robert Carlton can look down, and see the dangers which surround his child, would he not bless you for saving her from the dark fate that threatens her?"

"And when the world sees me bestow the hand of my ward upon my own son, what would be the charge against me? Ah, Philip, you are sadly bewildered by the passion which has seized you. Alas! I pity poor Isabel—I shall weep many a tear in thought of her sufferings! But what can I do? I can sorry she is gone, and yet I am glad. I am sorry because I loved her as a child; and I am glad because I would not see her more miserable."

"How could she be more miserable?" asked Philip.

"Can you not guess?" returned the old man, eyeing his son sharply.

"Not—not surely not!"

"Then let me tell thee. Suppose, in a moment of thoughtless passion, when a maiden is left almost out for a time the duty which she owed to a dying father, she should spy within a union which would cling to her through life, and bind her to falsehood and disobedience. The first wild emotions being over, she would be left to meditate upon the step she had taken—"

"Stop, stop, my father," interrupted Philip vehemently. "You are wild in your suppositions. Should Guy Bradbrook—"

"Go on, my son."

"I will,—you shall hear it plainly. Should Guy Bradbrook live on the day that new Isabel assumes years of age, I would yield her up to him if she were willing to be his wife. Guy Bradbrook would not think of leading her into the union of which you speak."

The old man arose from his seat and placed his trembling hand upon the shoulder of his son.

"Philip," he whispered, with a strange horror in his look and tone, "*could you*—you—win the affections of Guy Bradbrook's betrothed?"

"Hear me, father," the young man cried, seizing his parent's hands as he spoke, "you are glad you have asked me that question, for it is one which you will most solemnly, though mercifully, have to answer for me than take his! Not that I consider the wrong, for the time may not be far distant when I shall most likely, in open battle, win when to kill him would be but the necessary result of standing his foe. Yet I would not have him fall by my hand for worlds. He shall not fall by my hands. I have sworn it! Oh! should God, in his infinite goodness, ever bring to my heart the final affection of the only being I ever loved as I love her—and give me the right to cherish and protect, and love her through life, it would all be established if one could say truly, if my own conscience could remember—that I had slain the man who stood in my way! No, no—it I meet him on the field I will not from him, and should his overtake me I will defend myself as best I can."

"But in the heat of battle, my son, when the blood is hot, and the passions all aroused, I fear you would not suffer long beneath the attack of Guy Bradbrook. Suppose he should overtake you, as you say, and push you to the extremity of your own life?"

"I should smile him as I would a wild beast!"

"Ah—and then—"

"And then farewell to sweet Isabel forever! For I could never offer her my hand after that!"

"Be assured he will seek thee, Philip, if thou dost and he be upon the same battle-field."

"He may, but I hardly think he will run the risk."

"Be not too sure of that," said the old man, with a dubious shake of the head. "Remember that a pistol can deliver the death-messenger as surely from a weak hand as from a strong, so that the eye be steady and the nerves firm."

"If he will come, let him come. I would rather not meet him. He is the only enemy I have in the country but that I would hesitate to meet in battle. But enough of this. Father, I implore you, father, and the subject may rest for the present. If Isabel should seek thy kind care again you would not turn her from you?"

"Turn her from me? You know I would not. I love her as a loving girl but we will for that."

The old man might have said more, but at that moment Colonel Gainsevort entered, and the subject was dropped.

By the powers of darkness, gentlemen, but Master Peter Sweet cut a bold figure that time," the commandant said, as he shook the rein from his shoulders.

"Have you learned anything?" asked Walter.

"Enough to assure us how the thing was done." returned the colonel, as he hung his dripping coat upon a hook. "Van Ewart was close by the place when the men were shot, and he knows the rascals, and he saw where they hid thrown quite a pile of soft dirt over the horses. We have been out with batteaux and found that he leaped from the gangway close to this dirt; and when he threw the girl's feet touched the sand as they came down."

"But the women who was seen?" said Philip.

"Was Master Sweet, you mean?" the colonel retorted. "We have satisfied ourselves upon that point. The woman is safely housed at Van Ewart's, and escorted it. But God grant that the fair maiden escapes the villains! Better that she were in the haste with her than in the vultures to mate with the dove. I know him well."

"Who knows?"

"Guy Bradbrook, my dear sir. Did you think I alluded to our cousin, Nathan?"

"I thought you meant Guy, sir."

"Of course I did, my son," said if you allow him to make that girl his wife—that is, if it lies in your power to prevent it—you are not the father I take you to be."

"But, my dear Colonel," interposed the old man, nervously, "you are aware that I have power. She is bound to the young man by a pledge which we cannot break."

"Aye," cried the impulsive young commandant, I know all about it. Her father, when he died, left her to be Guy Bradbrook's wife. She is of age to-day and you were then villains, and by every art in their power you have endeavored to force her into the hateful match. The old man lied, and the boy dissembled. The deception is a pity, and the imp sung a psalm. And so, when the poor man died, he fondly believed he was securing to his child a rare treasure in the person of Guy, and it is now. See the heartless wretches, so eager to get upon her estate, that they would not scruple in hireling to drag her away from her lawful guardian! Aye—and abandon her to—no matter, so the poor girl's father died but villains! How have they conducted towards the maiden? Were they her kind? Not from the moment they spoke of learning that she had had a guardian appointed over her, they have been suspicious, cruel, and revengeful. And what are they now? Tories of the darkest dye—standing on a level with guard from Robert Carlton by the most base and wicked deception. Do you not know this?"

"I think you are right, my son."

"Then whom should you fear to offend more than the spirit of the parent who has so deceived him? If Robert Carlton can look down, and see the dangers which surround his child, would he not bless you for saving her from the dark fate that threatens her?"

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"Not—not surely not!"

"Then let me tell thee. Suppose, in a moment of thoughtless passion, when a maiden is left almost out for a time the duty which she owed to a dying father, she should spy within a union which would cling to her through life, and bind her to falsehood and disobedience. The first wild emotions being over, she would be left to meditate upon the step she had taken—"

"Stop, stop, my father," interrupted Philip vehemently. "You are wild in your suppositions. Should Guy Bradbrook—"

"Go on, my son."

"I will,—you shall hear it plainly. Should Guy Bradbrook live on the day that new Isabel assumes years of age, I would yield her up to him if she were willing to be his wife. Guy Bradbrook would not think of leading her into the union of which you speak."

The old man arose from his seat and placed his trembling hand upon the shoulder of his son.

"Philip," he whispered, with a strange horror in his look and tone, "*could you*—you—win the affections of Guy Bradbrook's betrothed?"

"Hear me, father," the young man cried, seizing his parent's hands as he spoke, "you are glad you have asked me that question, for it is one which you will most solemnly, though mercifully, have to answer for me than take his! Not that I consider the wrong, for the time may not be far distant when I shall most likely, in open battle, win when to kill him would be but the necessary result of standing his foe. Yet I would not have him fall by my hand for worlds. He shall not fall by my hands. I have sworn it! Oh! should God, in his infinite goodness, ever bring to my heart the final affection of the only being I ever loved as I love her—and give me the right to cherish and protect, and love her through life, it would all be established if one could say truly, if my own conscience could remember—that I had slain the man who stood in my way! No, no—if I meet him on the field I will flee from him, and should his overtake me I will defend myself as best I can."

"But in the heat of battle, my son, when the blood is hot, and the passions all aroused, I fear you would not suffer long beneath the attack of Guy Bradbrook. Suppose he should overtake you, as you say, and push you to the extremity of your own life?"

"I should smile him as I would a wild beast!"

"Ah—and then—"

"And then farewell to sweet Isabel forever! For I could never offer her my hand after that!"

"He may, but I hardly think he will run the risk."

"Be not too sure of that," said the old man, with a dubious shake of the head. "Remember that a pistol can deliver the death-messenger as surely from a weak hand as from a strong, so that the eye be steady and the nerves firm."

"If he will come, let him come. I would rather not meet him. He is the only enemy I have in the country but that I would hesitate to meet in battle. But enough of this. Father, I implore you, father, and the subject may rest for the present. If Isabel should seek thy kind care again you would not turn her from you?"

"Turn her from me? You know I would not. I love her as a loving girl but we will for that."

The old man might have said more, but at that moment Colonel Gainsevort entered, and the subject was dropped.

"By the powers of darkness, gentlemen, but Master Peter Sweet cut a bold figure that time," the commandant said, as he shook the rein from his shoulders.

"Have you learned anything?" asked Walter.

"Enough to assure us how the thing was done." returned the colonel, as he hung his dripping coat upon a hook. "Van Ewart was close by the place when the men were shot, and he knows the rascals, and he saw where they hid thrown quite a pile of soft dirt over the horses. We have been out with batteaux and found that he leaped from the gangway close to this dirt; and when he threw the girl's feet touched the sand as they came down."

"But the woman

BETA EMMA PENCO.

BY " KING."

Beta Emma Penco, Beta Emma Penco,
The springtime of Being seems brightly on you;
It flings up the forehead the promise of gray,
And calls the sweet witness of youth to their eyes to—
With the calmness of Summer and freshness of Spring,
Creates has stamped thee a beautiful thing!

Oh thy brow knew of Age, but the wrinkles are hidden,
The sunlight of time falls the blessings it does;
It passes but leaves thy best till more beautiful crowns,
Leap and laugh in the glimpses of earth's truer glimmer
It whispers thy spirit the meaning of things;
And wakes thy young Beauty to cry for weak wings.

Beta Emma Penco, Beta Emma Penco,
A new book of life is unfolded in you;
The wonder of Being, the mystery of Soul,
To thee as a new revelation's conceived;
Yet, wise are thy answers; for still from proclaim
How the spirit immortal is wed to the frame.

We know that for flown is thy native love life
An agent subservient—it speak from the dead
Thou comest with the bright emanation of Faith,
And shows the immortal with Mortal contrast,
But as flows on for Success, to secure or gain,
We know not—its symptoms we only can trace.

Oh, a wonder, a blessing, a mystery dear art,
Beta Emma Penco, with thy sweet name to me;
Where the exercise of childhood has brought a name,
And the bliss of the present's unbalanced by fears;
Yet when sends the fiery-winged angel to thee,
And thy woman's will passion sleep calls as a cove!

Oh, the night and the repentant power is thine,
To solve nature's secrets, to give the reason why
We never on the Present look pleasure or Pain,
And a true ray of light on eternity cast—
To unmask the horrors of darkness from thee,
And challenge unthought to follow thy path!

Oh, thrice wish as wear without silence, Beta Penco!
Yet the gifts of thy soul are not hidden from me;
Distinctly they check, and unmistakably the sun,
The path of thy being is opened and free;
And as written the further the deeper I read,
Not angels can mount to thy destiny's goal!

Then onward, Penco, on the threshold of Time,
And cry out to the world thy mission to advance;
Thine many paths of joy through earth's starlight of dark,
And there win crowns of honor that fade not away,
And for ages to come will ring out thy name,
Till it blends with the thousand and three bind'rs with it soon!

Beta Emma Penco, Beta Emma Penco,
Thy father's best blessings are with you—you!
And the prayers of his heart in thy behalf will ever reign;
To guide thee and guard thee through life's trial state,
And, as within this mortal incarnate shall stay,
May we meet 'mid the ransomed before the White Throne!

LEOLINE.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM OF YOUTH.

BY MARY W. STANLEY SIMON.

I was sitting, the other day, on the shady side of a staple tree in the grove behind my house, gnawing the point of my pencil, and trying in vain to concentrate my ideas upon the contemporaneous topic, when Colonel Tom Rossiter came slowly up through the avenue, trying to whistle, but with a whiff flowers, with his cane. "Colonel Tom," as we usually know him, was a man of fifty, a fine, handsome, portly man, of forty or thereabouts, a rich, easy, golden-eared fellow whom we all love well, both old and young. Our garden gate, and it has taken but a little while for us to become firm friends, as well as good neighbors. When I saw him, I made room for him beside me on my low, rustic seat, and pushed my portfolio out of his way.

"Writing, sir?" he asked, looking at them keenly with his eyes.

"No—only trying to do so. I can't make out, Colonel. The thoughts come fast enough, but they are not such as I can put down on my paper."

"Suppose I tell you a story of my early days?" he said, sprouting a laugh, "I'm more with his cane," would you write it?"

"Try me and see," I said, delightedly, and in an instant paper and pencil were out of sight, and I was seated in a comfortable attitude, waiting for the promised tale.

He smiled at my eagerness, but the next moment his face grew thoughtful and sad.

"Did you ever hear a poem called 'Leoline'?" he asked of me by.

"Never, sir!"

"I must read it to you, then."

He took a folded paper from his pocket, and read as follows:

"LEOLINE."

"We sang our wager together,
Till the stars shook at the sound—
We spoke—we spoke of common things,
Of love we did not speak.
And her hand—knew it touched,
To the light, warm, dear touch
Still we were friends—but only friends—
My sweet Queen, Leoline!"

The next you shall have another time. Yet, hear the last verse:

"There's a blue flower in my garden,
The tar blue forget-me-not,
She has and I, we love it both,
And hence it is to her and me
She loved it too—long, long ago—
Her love was less than mine—
But we were friends—but only friends—
My lost love, Leoline!"

The colonel shook his head as he replaced the paper in his note-book.

"It is foolish, I suppose, and yet I can never read that poem without feeling the water in my eyes. She read it while me long ago—there lies the secret of it, I suppose."

"Who?"

"Leoline—my Leoline—not the poet's."

"Your name was Leoline, then?" I said, for he did not seem inclined to give me the story, after all.

"You are wrong there—it was Augusta."

"Come, tell me about it, dear Colonel."

He let his finger, and rested it a moment, silently.

"How it cuts a man up," he exclaimed, vehemently, "to recall such memories! I thought I was so free to the air, and here I sit before you, trembling on the verge of a great emotion, as I ever felt into in the light of that youthful passion. In a strange—strange—but true sense, the memory of a love can move me so—for I swear to you that I was the truest friend ever man!"

"I was only twenty-seven when I first met her. It was at a ball given by my favorite cousin, who was the favorite friend of hers, and from whom I had frequently heard the name of Augusta. Before the end of the ball, I was quite gliding up to me with the brightest face imaginable, and whispered in my ear—

"Come—Augusta has arrived, my dear Tom, and I am determined that you shall have the first introduction to her. She is quite anxious to see you, too, I know, though I can't make her confess it."

I went, of course, to the little saloon where Augusta was sitting with only a few of her intimate friends around her. At the sound of my name she turned around and bowed. Our eyes met—I don't know what she saw in me. In her I saw only a tall and slender girl, whose fine face and erect carriage spoke her what she was—the very embodiment of pride. Naturally reserved and haughty myself, I disliked those qualities in others. We were mutually disequipoised in each other—and after a few commonplace observations, I was only too glad when the last dance for which I had engaged with me at liberty to return to my partner. It is needless to assure you that I did not put myself in the way of the proud girl again that night. I think it was quite a month before I met her again."

"My dear Colonel?"

"Yes, really it was so incredulous—it is a fact. My regiment was ordered to Florida, and after seeing some hard fighting, and losing many of my gallant companions, I received a furlough of fifteen days. My health was shattered—my right arm had been broken by a pistol shot, and I was sad, and gloomy, and lonely. Then it was that I met Augusta again.

"She too had changed. She was gay and happy —the life and light of every circle in which she moved. I saw her first at a party, as she was singing, with my cousin Lucy, the ballad of 'Widow Machree.' Her sweet face was full of fun and good humor, and her ringing laugh rose above all the others, as she finished the song. My heart fell on me. I seemed fated to draw out the worst qualities of her nature. The old haughty glance fell on me coldly; but when she saw my pale face and attenuated frame and bandaged arm, she changed. Her face faded deeply, and, over every pale, her eyes softened, and wore a look of genuine womanly sympathy for my misfortune. I did not have borne that from her!) which I had never seen in them before. She came forward to meet me, her friends aside, and came straight up to me, with her hand extended.

"'I am glad to see you safe, although you look so ill,' she said, quietly. 'But you must not stand any longer—you must take a seat near the palm. Come with me and your cousin Lucy to a seat.'

"I was weak as a child, and the least word of kindness moved me. I had held her hand in mine all the time she was speaking to me, and I felt as one in a trance. But the sharp pain of my wound—the lights, the crowd, the heat—must have been too much for me, and before I could utter a word, everything whirled around me, and I fell in a swoon like rushing water in my ears, and fainted at her feet.

"When I opened my eyes, I was lying upon a sofa in a private apartment, with only two or three around me. Augusta was beside me, and was both bathing my forehead with cool water. I thought I could distinguish in the touch of her hand from my cousin's, and as it fluttered around my burning eyes, I caught it and pressed it to my lips. For days and nights, all was a blank to me. I was taken home, and lay in the terrible delirium of fever, watched over by my fair nurse, who never ate, and sometimes by another, when she could do so without exciting remark. But, as I said, my nurses, a man ought to be ashamed of himself if he is not soon convalescent. Accordingly I got well.

"With my recovery, that precious attendance ceased. I might still count on her kindness, as she had been brought up together in my father's house, and were like brother and sister to each other. But Augusta came no more. I heard of her at every ball and party, but I attended all the party—and writhed upon the couch to which my weakness still confined me. When I was released from my confinement, my pride was so much my appearance upon the promenade of Broadway, with Lucy leaning on my arm, in order that I might have a sufficient excuse for accosting her.

"She came and I met. Her brother's wife's house carriage stop before the Dusenbos' Gallery, and saw her alight, escorted by a gentleman, and followed by her mother. I made one of the same party, and when they seated themselves before the picture of the Martyrdom of Joan, I took a seat on the further down, where she must see me as she passed out.

"Who is that with her, Lucy?' I asked.

"Her brother, Tom.'

"The creature startled me.

"I did not mean that, Lucy—I knew that well. But the man—who is he?'

"One of our merchant princes,' she replied, and she named a name I knew well, very well.

"But what business has he here? He is a married man.'

"No, Tom. His wife died last year in England, and he is the greatest 'catch' in the matrimonial market,' she said, with a shrug of contempt.

"I turned and looked her straight in the face.

"Lucy, you have been trying to make a victim to me—never more on them now, after all your kindness to me through this long illness.'

"Well!'

"You could not deceive me?'

"Never, Tom.'

"Even if, by telling me the truth, you would inflict on me the bitterest pain I ever felt in my life?'

She hesitated a moment—only a moment—and then said quietly—

"No, Tom—I would not.'

"Then tell me if Augusta is about to marry that man.'

"Tom, I am not in her confidence and I really do not know. It is the general report, however, about town. Even if it were so, I do not think she would tell me—but why do you ask me?'

"Lucy—is it possible that she cares for me?'

"It is possible, and true. For I have known her as I have, beside what she believed your dying-bed, you would know it also. Yes, Tom, whatever Augusta does, you may rest assured that she loves you.'

"Thank you, Lucy. And yet,' I added, as she looked at Augusta, as she sat silent between her companions, leaning her head upon her hand, "I can encourage this man—marry him, it may be, for the sake of his gold, and leave me to break my heart alone! If she loves me, why does she do this?'

"You do not know her, Tom. Love is not, to her, what it would be to me. She is proud and ambitious—she has always lived in splendor, and she abhors poverty in any shape. She will never marry you, Tom, while you have only your lieutenant's commission—don't think it. If you do this now, in order to spare you pain hereafter.'

"I know it, and I appreciate your kindness, my little cousin. But I cannot yet believe that she is so heartless. If I can only see her alone, and discover her love dear she is to me, I believe she will—'

"Tom, you are talking nonsense. Take my advice, and go away from her entirely. Come—the gallery is filling rapidly. Let us go.'

"Why, Lucy, she is just rising. And that fellow—confound him!—is wrapping her cloak around her. They are coming down this way, and you will surely not be so cruel as to hurry me off before I have seen her.'

"Lucy sighed.

"Well, Tom, if it must be so, it must. Only remember that I warn you. You do not know her as well as I. I tell you you may break your heart at her feet, if you will, and she will go coolly on to secure wealth and position, and leave you behind. An ambitious woman is a terrible thing to love, Tom.'

"I scarcely heard her—I was so deeply absorbed in the movements of Augusta, who was coming slowly down the long room, leaning on his arm, and stopping every now and then to speak to her numerous friends who had entered. She looked beautiful, and her dress, low bodied and short, and she whispers of her cavalier, who bent his handsome head very low in a way for which I longed in short him, could bring no light to her eye, and no color to her cheek.

"At the door of the gallery she stood directly in their path. She dropped his arm as if an adder had been there when she saw me, and looked—oh, how she blushed! Many eyes were upon me—I read them in her own, and I think I gave myself away. Still, enough of agitation remained in her manner, as she welcomed me, to make her distinguished looking escort stroke his glossy, black moustache with evident uneasiness.

"'Mr. Rossiter, I believe,' she said, in a low tone, and, 'this you quite startled me. You look so terribly pale—when are you going to resume your health and color?'

"When I recover my heart, Miss Cardigan,' I said, with a low bow.

"She gave me a warning glance, and then laughed carelessly.

"'Upon my word, Lieutenant, you have learned to pay compliments since you were under my care. I am not aware that I have ever seen you look more handsome than you do now, with the rose of your fair nurse. But I am terribly impolite—pray excuse me, Lieutenant Rossiter, I beseech you, that I have the pleasure of introducing my friend, Mr. Frederick Ashton.'

"Did you ever see two men bow, my dear, who hated each other at first sight, yet, under the existing circumstances, to keep up the farce of amiability? If so, you can conceive how stiffly we all three bowed to each other, and how coolly the usual salutations of the day.

"Augusta was the first to see how we got on together. She was talking lastly to Lucy. Where she was not aware of her admirers were soon to follow, and almost before we knew it we were the center of a small circle. That Mr. Ashton liked the idea of public recognition of our new chums was very evident from the satisfied glance he cast over the group as he closed it. He took what was so sacred to me that I could not bear a divided attention, and Augusta was beside me, and I could have it addressed to me alone. On this occasion, I think she would no doubt see me by the gay party around us laughed and joked together. I had an opportunity of drawing near Augusta, and exchanged words with her unobserved.

"She looked uneasy at first, and talked hurriedly and nervously, with the look that came over her face when expecting.

"'Augusta—will you hear me?' I said, softly.

"'No, no,—not here,' she answered, quickly. 'Do not draw attention to us for my sake, Lieutenant Rossiter.'

"'Where then?'

"'I shall be home this week. Shall you be at Newport, or Saratoga?'

"'Neither, as yet.'

"She thought a moment, and shook her head.

"'I have a better plan. In three weeks I shall go with my father to Washington, to be present at the White Mountains. It is a quiet place; and as I shall be there for a month, you can be there, too, one with us. There I shall be at leisure to think of your request—to answer it.'

"'And may I come and visit you then?' I asked, for she looked with the look that came over her face as she said the last words.

"'Did I say so?' she replied, with an arch smile, but a heightened color. I laughed at her, and she ventured to whisper.

"'Perhaps—perhaps so suddenly, and Mr. Ashton made an impatient move forward, and stood beside us.

"'Lucy, I must say good-bye,' she said, carelessly. 'But we shall meet at Newport, I hope, and particularly never dreamed of claiming an insignificant lieutenant among the rivals of Mr. Frederick Ashton, and would not see a person who had trembled the same air, sat the same dinners, and visited the same people with her, in her beloved home. I was by no means ungenerous I could afford to be quiet and tranquil, and I met Augusta at society and evidently on cousins could require. If the mother had had anything lingering suspicion concerning my attack, I saw they were laid to rest once by the composure of her daughter and myself, as we shook hands and exchanged the salutations of the day. From that moment I considered all in the wait for me, and I was free to come and go as I pleased, to talk to her daughter, or read to her, or drive and ride with them both. It may be that my disengaged bow gladly I availed myself of this permission.

"Ah, those were happy days! In spite of all that came after them, I am glad they were mine! I was beside her from morning to night—seeing her as I loved to see her—as she has ever seen her—gentle, friendly and simple. She was no longer the brilliant fashionable belle—but a happy girl—happy because she loved and was loved. I have never seen her face many a time since then—I have seen her when she was gay—but I have never seen her wearing the look she used to wear, and that fond-frown of my confidence. For it was nothing but a great rambling, old-fashioned farm-house, where two generations of her mother's family have lived and died. It is breezy, and new, and filling into ruins. I visit it every day, and receive from my amusing dinner by the host that ever sat down to."

"Mr. Rossiter!" said the colonel, with a hard dry bow, "I cannot allow one more jest. I never asked for one. It was only too plain to me. But I'll not talk of that."

"My evil star was shining above me, even then, although I would not have believed it. The dowager Cardigan had always opposed me in her brain, and now the wine thought came into her head that Augusta should marry a man of property—for the summer in Paris, than to write it in this quiet place. I looked upon when this relief was communicated to Augusta, and I knew that a little time she, too, seemed to acquiesce in this plan, and I was forced to be satisfied. Although I thought it would keep her from my wishlike sight, I thought that was but a poor consolation, I hugged it to my heart.

"They went—and after I had parted with Augusta at the Philadelphia station—I started for the White Mountains, to kill time till they should meet. The dowager Cardigan, the gossip over the list of passengers by the steamer—but I saw only one name—Lieutenant Mrs. Cardigan, daughter and servants.' I read the words over and over again—they were all that was left to me, except the little flower that rested on my breast, in company with her picture and a tress of hair.

"If ever I realized heaven and frail a thing a steamer is, upon the wide and cruel ocean, it was then. My thoughts were on that lonely bark by day and night—and when, at last, I read of her safe arrival in a foreign port, I knelt down and thanked God. I could hear her absence better then. I went to my duties manfully—and the year passed away so swiftly that it surprised me. I had thought it would be full of misery, but almost before I had begun to feel unhappy—the term of absence had expired—and Leoline—my Leoline—was coming home.

"It all had time she had never written to me. This had been agreed upon, however, before we parted, and I was prepared for her good faith. I was in New York at the time the ship was to arrive. I was on the pier as she came slowly up the harbor, greeted by a thousand voices joining in a popular American cheer. We could see the passengers standing upon the deck, and among the waving of some smiling, and some waving hats and handkerchiefs to draw on shore. I looked but on one figure—and I saw it not! She had not then arrived!

"Sick at heart, yet still hoping against hope, I walked forward to the gangway, and looked earnestly at the passengers who came ashore. I recognized many—but where was she? I was turning away in utter despair, when I saw Mrs. Cardigan following her servant on deck. Then came a short white-haired man of fifty, wearing a Spanish cloak. He—but then—no! Yes, it was! A beautiful figure dressed in black, whose movements I knew only by the glitter of her jewels, and the graceful arm, and passed slowly down the gangway with the help of a gentleman on her face. I drew back in silence, yet I touched her gossamer as she passed. Oh, did she know I was near her now?

"The party entered a private carriage, which was in waiting for them, and drove away, leaving John, my own servant, and I alone on the pier. My servant had just strength enough left to go and speak to her. He returned to tell me she was gone.

"John, has your mistress returned?"

"Yes, sir,' she said! Come, sah!' Hope I see you well, sah?'

"Very well, John.' The man knew I lied when he asked me, and turned away to hide his own emotion. 'And your young lady, how is she?'

"Very young lady gone to see old relation, with a grin. 'She is Madame Du Costa now, sah.'

"And that was her husband with her, I suppose?'

"Yes, sah. That was Don Pedro, sah.'

"Don Pedro, sah! And come, sah!' Hope I see you well, sah?'

"The man touched his hat as I gave him a piece of gold, and jumping on the box of the coach that took their luggage, drove away. I remained behind upon the pier, and leaning against one of the posts, folded my arms across my breast, my head, and looked down into the clear water at my feet, and thought—and thought—and thought of her.

"And nothing remained for me but to breathe one prayer for her happiness, and know myself that the first sword that was raised to oppose mine in the day of battle.

"As I walked slowly up Broadway that afternoon, I met Frederick Ashton. My misery must have been written on my face, for he looked at me as he had always done, he came up to me and shook my hand.

"You have heard the news, Rossiter?"

"What—sir?'

"Madame Du Costa has set us both adrift in the same boat,' he said, sarcastically. 'Never mind, my boy, there are plenty more. You will be at the party at my sister's to-morrow night?'

"Will go.'

"Certainly. Augusta has too great a regard for appearances, not to accept the invitation. Adieu holds out to her. She will be there—you will be there—and the world can create no scandal. And now we go up to the same dinners, greet her home again, as calmly and quietly as if she had never been away, and as if we were mere acquaintances. Shaking hands with her husband, and, perhaps, kissing the baby. Ah, by the way, I shall be tempted to put a bullet through him the next moment.'

He broke from me with a bitter laugh. Yet all went as he had said. My pride enabled me to keep my feelings. From that moment I dated a dismals—more lovely, more alluring than ever—Augusta was to me as a star in the heavens, dazzling and flashing, by turns, as I uttered my congratulations, and clasped her hand. Believe me, I was a brave man, and if I ever seemed to have been a triumphant one to her, I was well avenged.

"I joined my regiment the next week, and did not see her for a year. In the years she was a widow, but I kept aloof. In two more she was the wife of Frederick Ashton, as I have called him, and I was the bachelor friend—and, alas, she, the Leoline of my early days, is well known as Mrs. Frederick Ashton to the world.

I could not express an exclamation of astonishment. Leoline, the rugged and haughty woman I had seen passing slowly down Broadway in her open carriage, was the last one I should have dreamed of as a heroine of romance.

"Yes, she has altered!" he said, as if to himself. "Her face is not what it was, but I love it better though."

He led the way into his own garden, and stopped beside a bed of forget-me-nots, that were just in bloom. There he showed me the faded flower—a little withered thing, that had once had a face of proud, and dark, and beautiful as he could have wished to find. He looked at it, I guess the picture back to him, and looked down at the flowers that bore its name.

"They are the same that grew in the old garden at Holland," he said, lowering the earth around the roots. "I took them with me from the walk myself, and you can see what it has grown to. I would like to show them to Mrs. Ashton's carriage-window, and see if she would recognize it."

He began to repeat again the lines—

"There's a blue flower in my garden,
The tar blue forget-me-not,
She has and I, we love it both,
And hence it is to her and me
She loved it too—long, long ago—
Her love was less than mine—
But we were friends—but only friends—
My lost love, Leoline!"

I gathered a few of the tiny blossoms as we left the garden, for the sake of one upon whose face I shall never look again. I have the little flower now.

AN ABSENCE OF LORDS ABLE.—When John Adams was a young man he was invited to dine with the court and bar at the house of Judge ——, an eminent lawyer, at Worcester. When the wine was circulated round the table, Judge Lee gave as a toast, "Our King, and may the Whigs were about to refuse to drink it; but Mr. Adams whispered to them to comply, saying, "We shall have an opportunity to resent the compliment." At length, when John Adams was desired to give a toast, he gave "the devil." As the host was about to resent the supposed indignity, he will calmed him, and turned the laugh upon Mr. Adams by immediately saying, "My dear, as the gentleman has seen fit to drink to our friend, let us by no means refuse, in our turn, to drink to his."

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ALL LETTERS containing subscriptions, or in any way relating to either the editorial or business departments of the paper, must be addressed to Robert Bonner, New York Ledger office, No. 44 Ann Street, New York. We cannot guarantee the delivery of letters not properly addressed, nor will we be responsible for the name of the Post-office, State and County, to which the paper is to be sent.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party presents hereafter to act as such for you pay him none as a consignee. The best way is to use our paper is at the book and periodical stores; but if you happen not to be within reach of one, then you can send us two dollars, and we will mail it to you.

NOTICE.

Where Newsdealers charge as extra price for the "LEDGER," we would like to be informed of the fact. The LEDGER should be sold for four cents a copy in all the Atlantic cities, and as far West as Buffalo. Beyond that point, the cost of transportation to charge five cents a copy on account of the extra cost of freight, &c. But in no section of the country should more than five cents be charged.

AVERT IT.

There are ominous mutterings of an impending storm—a storm to fall upon this and other unfortunate communities in the shape of distress, business sagacity, taking means in hand and thus be the forebode, shall avert it. Prevention is better than stress now, can see a great secession to their labors. But the new hours are not those of mere business daily round; and to which of the most seedless kind of killers—of the thousands who have already by the great money crisis been driven out of the employment which gave them and their families daily bread, and to which of the many who livelihood throughout the bleak winter that is before us. Within a few weeks past, not less than ten thousand workers—men and women—have been turned adrift to beggary and despair; and who can say what that dreadful fact is to the wretchedness of scores of other thousands, may do if no relief to suppose the coming winter of earth brings—that it may do ere men and women will starve rightly?

Unless some broad and prompt movement is made to bring the surplus food of the grain-laden West to the starved, thereby relieving commercial embarrassment, and guaranteeing plenty to—all for our city and manufacturing districts, we shall see with the close of navigation a strange spectacle—one section of the country glutted with provisions, while the other section is pinched by the necessaries of life—so pinched that all the poorer classes must suffer. This fact could that the great law of our nature, self-preservation, will, in the event of forward would—should—the evil of a demi-famine—assert itself, and first of all in such a community as this, where dependence hereto has none from its members. Left to itself, it is doubtful if the sea-board has sufficient food to carry it forward to another harvest. Starving, even though not one bushel or pound of its products were exported. The capital of the seaboard has always brought forward the produce of the West, and it must do so now, or it will not be brought. If not brought, and that, too, in large measure, we predict that worse will come. Thoughtful men are—all ahead, if the inland granaries be not speedily poured hitherward. Ayo, the men of money, forgetting Wall street and speculation for a moment, are considering whether or not our city shall be relieved, or exposed to calamities far greater than any mere loss of fortune.

If the farmers of the West would pay their merchants what they owe them, and with grain as they have, and those merchants would send on the same to their creditors here, it would inspire confidence without any special movement on our part, but since such a course is not pursued in any prosperous time, it surely cannot be hoped for now. But one remedy, therefore, for evil, present and to come, presents itself, and that is the one already agitated—the advance of sea-board capital, to bring speedily forward the products of the West. Let this be done as much as possible in the fall-spring way, and a large deal will be effected, and we shall see the machine again. Our readers may not regard it as in our province to descant on these matters, but where they touch upon the interest of all society, and are the matter topic of the time, we make bold to speak. Would that we could do more to all the community and country in this hour of general panic and distress.

THE PAINT AND THE LEDGER.—It is a matter of astonishment to everybody (and especially to publishers and newsdealers, who are constant stand such matters) that the circulation of the LEDGER should go on steadily increasing during these hard times. But the fact is, the LEDGER has become a necessity. Everybody buys it and reads it. Let us give an instance: Our artist, Mr. Thwaites, stepped into the Bowery Savings Bank the day after the great rush on that institution, and there he saw two policemen, sitting on benches, stationed to protect the Bank from expected trouble, *every one of whom, he says, was engaged in the perusal of the* LEDGER! This fact will serve to illustrate the hold which the LEDGER has on the minds and affections of the people, and to indicate why its circulation steadily increases, notwithstanding the tremendous pressure of the hard times.

REMEMBER THIS.—Good-temper is like a sunny day: it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquietude.

EVILS AND REMEDIES.

There is crushing, and groaning, and distress all around us. A short-sighted philosopher would say "we are fallen on evil times." But times are never more evil than men make them. If all our labor was well employed, there would be no evil times, nor hard times, nor panic, nor distress. No sure has done her duty. If there was assured and confidence enough, all our labor would be well employed. Why isn't there money enough? Simply because we have been buying abroad, for years, what we could, and ought, to have produced at home, and now our money is gone to "pay the devil," or if it isn't all gone, those who have the balance know its increased value and power as well not to hold it fast, or dole it out with "shillin' behind the dollar."

Public confidence, which, by adding much credit to a little money, makes a great deal of capital for business and trade, has gone with our money. Speculation and extravagance, bringing forth their natural fruit of fraud and failure, have made men so suspicious of one another, as though the whole community were a nest of pickpockets and shovers. An extreme of recklessness and dishonesty is followed by an extreme of caution and distrust, just as day is followed by night. And we can't get out of this slough without travail. We can neither pay nor receive specie now out of it. We have taken on the pack of sin, and can be rid of it only in one way—"freely repented of"—honest and genuine reform. Even then, it will take time to recover the old prosperity. That hope-fires cannot be re-kindled, nor the spindles re-set in motion, in an instant.

The first thing to be done is to reinstate labor—give it universal employment. There is work enough to be done, and money enough to pay for it, within the bounds of our own country. We require and can consume enough, as a people, to profitably employ all our working hands and brains, and they would never have been any of the present business failures and forced panics. Let us, then, as a people, by a resolve to consume nothing of foreign production that might have been produced at home, keep every American, for five, or even for ten years past, had established a personal tariff on the basis of his own patriotic determination, and said, "I will, virtue of an American's duty to himself and his country, I prohibit myself from wearing a coat of any foreign manufacture that American industry can produce," we should have had no panic, and much tariff was declared, and we are reaping as we have sown. Let the harvest make us wiser in the future.

TACT.

What is it? That which is so frequently called by the name?—the tricks of the mere politician, who "pulls all wires" to secure a place for himself in a legislative hall, to accomplish some measure for the benefit of a party, or to procure himself a "servant" be it, instead of being that of his whole constituency?

No, this is not "tact," as often as it is mistaken for it. It is only low cunning, and far more becoming a shrewd, than a wise man. It is a thousand fold better than all this. It is the capacity to perceive the exact thing to be done, and the exact relation of men to things, and of things and men, respectively, to one another, and to adapt ourselves to such as to accomplish the greatest good with the smallest expenditure of means. It is not selfish. It is generous. It is not effort. It is the very quintessence of easy grace.

Tact is the one thing, in most positions of life, far more important than more talent. To mere knowledge it is always superior, and in all the business life. Without it, indeed, knowledge will not tell little. It applies the knowledge, at the right place and at the right time, which else would be but useless rubbish in the garret of the brain.

Give us tact before most talent, in the affairs of every-day life—even before genius, which, more often teaches, where Nature has denied its possessor tact. It is the Architecture by which we succeed to activity, and it prevents it from coming to a standstill. All this it has done, and is doing without human aid, and it is the one thing which in fact makes its own fulcrums in the different spheres of life—in common parlance—it is the "born" business man—in law—in politics—in the cabinet—in the pulpit—in the field—everywhere.

All honor to those who wield the magic power of Tact wisely and well, divesting it for the accomplishment of the best ends, and the noblest purposes of honest and pure success in the battle of life.

"OUR PANIC" ABROAD.

A noted Wall-street banker, in a letter says that he feels rather proud of "our panic" when he contrasts it with commercial affairs in Europe. In Russia it will occasion extensive bankruptcy in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, upset the Scotch Mobility Bank, the spread the wide-bankruptcy through France, and then, like the chokes, sweep over Austria, Italy, and Spain, "reaching the nations of the Old World"—says our Wall-street friend—"with ruin, and leaving the young Republic of the Western Hemisphere, whose fleets, earthquakes, tornadoes, panics, and scares, are also invincible!"

THE SKIES BRIGHTENING.

The worst crisis in the money affairs have passed. People begin again to have confidence in each other; business is reviving, and things look well in prospect is brightening on every side. The banks are rapidly getting back upon their old bases of coin and confidence, and gradually the stream of merchants with liberal and consoling discounts. In fact, many people who have been compelled to live on what they have instead of what they expect, begin to think and say that the "panic" was for them about the best blessing of the season.

SEE THE NEW YORK LEDGER, for October 24th, is already received by Harper & Brothers, and the Publishers are happy to say a beneficial effect on the LEDGER—the circulation will grow up, up, up!

The above paragraph is clipped from the *Buffalo Express*, a paper for which we have always been decidedly unfriendly to the LEDGER. In such times as these, when we find our enemies voluntarily admitting the fact that the circulation of the LEDGER is "still going up, up, up," while other papers are going down, we think that they pay the highest possible compliment to us.

A WOMAN'S friendship borders more closely on love than man's. Men affect each other in the reflection of noble or friendly acts; while women ask fewer proofs, and more signs and expressions of attachment.

A GOOD conscience is a marvelous restorative: one soon learns to look with hope to the future when one can feel justified in turning with pride to the past.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HARD TIMES.

All the misleaders have preached a sermon on "The Hard Times;" my shoulder's I'l—although I'm the Parthian Records' me recorded that I "have a spice of wickedness in me," which I can never deny, and I deplore, as I would wish to differ as much as possible from the Puritan Records, and everything else that is Stoicism. You—why shouldn't I preach? "Hard times" are mainly ourselves, and I have the loan of its pulpit; you mistake when you suppose I never thought before he preached to sinners; why should I try to be better than my brethren? *My sermons are short*, which is more than can be said of theirs, and I get well paid for them, which is another difference; so here's my text:

HARD TIMES.

"Hard times!" undoubtedly; one hears nothing else, turn which way he will. No doubt business men have reason for their long, troubled faces; and politicians have enough to contend with, sitting down in a car or ferry-boat, lest I should overhear their private talk; but I will permit that a hopeful heart is the best antidote for times like these. "Hopeful" is not, and never was, a favorite word, and "railroad stock is worthless, and long-established business firms are tumbling over like a row of bricks," are words I have become used to, for what good can come of croaking? What good is the moaning of cheer? If you are aware that you have planned for the best—as far as human foresight could accord—you have done what you have done? As to what "people will think"—as to what "people will say"—he who has not critics, and "people" to contend with, is not a man, but "there's no business doing," don't do it; if there are such forces as "people" and "critics," let us be like seven fonds; but for sweet pity's sake don't let them make you have their troubles your own, poor for you, might put their shoulders again to the wheel, thanking God that His blessed sunshine was left to us, and that they were strong, and free to enjoy it; and above all, don't ring the changes on "hard times," for you will find that the more you stops his play to listen, thinks that there must be nothing else in this world or the next worth exploring for.

And lastly, don't charge the "hard times" to women, as if men had been produced to keep step to it over their fellows. As if they never built castles in the air, and lived in them as happily generally, greater than their capital warranted, and, when a crash came, as they were brought up standing, proved themselves liked descendants of that primeval snake, who whined out to the Lord, "and that they were driven out of Eden to be with me," she did this, that and the other! Now, the question is, is the speculation of the little private expenses of these consistent gentlemen, or the extravagance and effeminacy region where the choicest of palate tickers are found by the three victimized business men and their distressed families, which has made the hard times? Answer. No.—I seem to allude to an expense so trifling, inexpressively, to one another, and to shame myself. I know that a ten dollar bill, *viewed from a reasonable and intelligent point of view*, is but a trifling query. Pray, what is a ten dollar bill?

Not that all business men are selfish or unjust, or, on the contrary, that all women are frivolous and extravagant who appear so. Oh, how many wives have I known to keep up a good face, and cheer them to them, like toys to a restless child, to keep their husband's mind quiet; the knowing, and the secure pride lays her finger on the rebellious lip, and says, "Let us arise tightly over the tortured brain, imagining that they have a satisfactory excuse for the love withheld, to be unworthily everyday life—some such excuse as this—and a man would welcome even the "hard times," should it be the means to let his lonely breast be pressed, for that comfort his summer friends denied him. Oh, disappointed business men, whose pursuit of money and pleasure has overcome your better feelings. No man can be poor who is rich in love, and no man is rich who has not less who has their hearts to smile in. God help you in the game—in the pursuit—and may you not listen for his coming—no eye to look brighter when he comes!

Satisfy a true woman's god-implanted heart-craving for love—and what to her is adversity? The cottage, the crust, the cold water, be all subsumed than the sweet flower, which lines the hall, and they, yearning for its warm unfolding on my. Ashamed? A woman is not a woman who is ashamed of love, and devotion, and affection, a sure. It is right she should feel these—the glory and perfection of her womanhood; but all the old-fashioned, "Heaven's sake, my dear," sense, the chop but love's sunbeams—is mocking the "Christian" spirit. The spirit of love, not of a dinner, can lean trustingly on her husband's heart, and number her cosy children.

FANNY FERN.

HONEST POVERTY.

The present state of the times, financially, ought to be enough to satisfy everybody of the truth of the old-fashioned motto, "Honesty is the best policy." At the same time, it should convince them that "Honesty is also the best policy" in a sense than dishonesty in whole garments, even though they be of broadcloth or brocade.

The man who has come to poverty from affluence, by no fault of his own, has vastly the advantage of the man who has come to the same decline because of over-cruelties and sharp-practices. In fact, many people who have suffered reverses, by true that the honest bankrupt will feel the change, and even feel it keenly, especially if he finds himself deserted by those on whom he has relied for the lack of what long use had made necessaries. But he will feel himself to be among the always-poor—and herein lies the secret of the difference—a sense of comfort, and security, now leaving their scars all around us, like unto those which the tornado and the lightning leave in their footsteps. But he will not feel it to the extent the dishonest bankrupt must in his fall; for, he will not feel the same way. He will not still suffer without consolation. The other will be troubled to say to himself, to the world, and to his God, "I have held fast to my integrity," and shall justly. Miss is an honest poverty?" And tell us out there in no concealing, but in a confession as this—for there is a consolation in it, which the consciousness of ill-gotten affluence shall ever prevent the possessor from enjoying.

Now is the time to learn the lesson of honest poverty.

Times is not in the world a more sign of a little soul, than the striving to gain respect by such fashionable means as dress and rich clothes. None will depend on these ornaments but they who have no other.

PHYSIC.

Under what guilty? Mankind travail with the query, wherewith and by whom shall we be physicked? The mood of the age is in all things increasing, and so for have "regular families" fallen into impotency, that "quack" and "patent nostrums" private half the world. What matters it as to kind of practice, if it only cures? Aye, there's the rub. Our concerts cure oftener than emetic, pill, or bench. Consult common faith, or the want of it. The old proverb has it—"Conceit can kill a constant can cure." Therefore, let a man be physicked as he will. If he be for a huge bolus or a pill infinitesimal, let his faith go with the prescription. Such are the mantles of life-saving wrought. That medicine is most potent for all ills which causes most credit. The tremendous old age—even though it be of the original recipe of Paracelsus—adds nothing, necessarily, to the physic's worth. Many long-lived practices have but become the low impositions and fallacies. Sanguine warm-nesses are first so-called, and the accordingly, but be nevertheless invariably killed. Of his practice applicable to a large school—the curative of free runs forsith the subjoined:

Gi thie, one day, by horses led,
To old Asclepiades they went,
"Why not resort to pains and pills,
Or bleeding, as the rest?" he said.
"If," quoth the sage, "you'll go your Rise,
That care would set me down an ass,
Unskilled to govern, and to guide,
Such time and toil to write a book."

Physic, like other things, must have a basis in governments and applicability, if it is to be ranked its fame in the metic, "drove physic to the dogs!" And that would be a waste, by what sensible dog would take physic! Let the practitioner, then, be what he may, he must have principles that cures, whether there be an academy and materia medica behind it or not. Physic is a moving, progressive thing, not to be bound by schools and authorities. Above all things, let it make no appeal to the "old" when the new has proved its success. Worthy of all honor is the healer and the healing, whether it ought to be "pills that flesh is heir to," or to "a mind diseased."

JEWELS AT HALF COST.

Recently, the "personal" department of a daily paper contained an advertisement, of which the following is a copy, sufficiently literal for our purposes:

"A lady of the highest respectability has a pair of unmounted diamonds, which she wishes to supply for a fair cost. Nothing but the direst necessity could induce her to part with them, and she will dispose of them at half cost."

This carries us back, in historical memory, just about three hundred and fifty years, to a memorable period in the life of Henry the Eighth of England. Then they were not offered for sale. They were forced upon people in the natural way of geographical discovery. Our allusion will be understood at once. The question is the gift of Queen Anne to the gallant Columbus, when he panted for the prize of the discovery of our own country, wherewith to purchase ships and men. The lady, who could no help contrasting the foregoing proposal with the noble gift—the one looking to the discovery of a continent, the other to the discovery of a pair of unmounted diamonds—could not help but emulate an heroic abstinence to baffle the waves of untried oceans, the other to keep the owner from the dreaded fate of starvation. The latter was certainly undeniably tempestuous and!

The result of monomaniac enterprise, which was opened by the discovery to which those jewels led, has been the creation of a world which can be equaled by none other beneath the circuit of the sun. We have many of our people could it? Let the painful lesson of the present crisis tell with creation, and groans and tears—say, let the "lady" in the "half cost," of thousands of "family relics" tell!

THE WORLD MOVES!

It was esteemed a high crime in the great Galileo to state that the earth moved round the sun, instead of the sun moving round the earth. When he was put to the torture, with the purpose of compelling him to recant, and say that he had been accounted for a moment, and then to have consciously whispered to himself, "*It does still!*" and dashed from the presence of his judges. Yet, however he was compelled to alter his opinion.

That was a sublime spectacle! It has furnished the world with a theme for all time to come. It will continue to do so through all coming time. We propose to avail ourself of it as a lesson for the day in which we live. We have been in the progress of our race, and are gaining confidence in the onward movement of the times. Our superior wisdom of the past, &c. They are worse than the "dark ages" of Galileo's persecutors. We denied that the physical earth moved—these insist that the mental and moral worlds move backwards. Both they and their predecessors think "dark" the main predecessors." Neither the one stands still, but the other's advance backwards." They both move forward. There is "progress," whether the preachers can see it or not. Slowly and with steady, imperceptible progress in all that relates to the well-being of man. Yes, "the world moves!" and it is a blessed fact to be associated with it—that is, endeavors to catch the spirit of the age, and move onwards and upward with it, in the path of duty, as be is enlightened from above to discern it, day by day!

THE ERA OF CHEAP BEYGOODS.

Since the recent financial revolution, the current of business has undergone certain notable changes in this city, which will probably affect the remainder of the country. We allude to the fact that many of our leading dry goods jobbing wholesale houses and importers have turned retailers, and are selling off their stocks of fashionable stocks of goods at greatly reduced prices. This, of course, compels the retail merchants to mark down their prices to a low figure; the thousands of strangers in the city take advantage of this favorable state of things, to buy largely of all descriptions of merchandise, so that, on their returning home, their neighbors and friends will wonder how they can sell so quite unable to sell them their usual supply of fall and winter goods. This and other causes will compel the merchants in all sections of the country to sell off their present stocks of goods at unusually low prices, especially as the new supplies of goods, bought of importers and jobbers at extremely low rates, will be realized into every trading place in the Union. The next three, and perhaps six months, will be the era of cheap goods.

SELF-CONCEIT is a weighty quality, and will sometimes bring down the scale when there is nothing else in it. It magnifies a fault beyond proportion, and swells every emotion into an outrage.

WIT AND WISDOM.

GENERAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The Chicago post truly says that sin doesn't always come directly from the devil. A torpid state of the liver, or time out, discipline or bad time have provided the "old man" with his death into masterly inactivity. Then he sends out his agents to do his bidding, and to be disinherited in the name of the devil. Sin is a patent but soon the wrong doctor, calling a doctor to the case, and the wrong prescription. Nothing but God knowing what he has failed in washing; breathing an impure heart that God alone can cleanse, and forgetting a pair of boots that a couple of tools, but he could.

Prayer is the manna of thought conveyed to us by the music of language—the act of subduing boldness and of lifting humility to power. It was the invisible symbol like the Egyptian method of immortalizing the body, among the dead embalmers. The harmony of nature is God's visible prayer, emblazoned on the three-barred book of earth, sea, and sky. How prayer is heard is a mystery, but we know that when we are obliged to write in prose.

Some pleasures, like the horizon, or a rainbow, are a well-to-day with, recede perpetually as we advance nearer them; others, like butterflies, are crushed by being caught. Patience maintained in the heart while we hold in chase, cheered by the arden of competition, the joy of the reign, the means of the business, the joy of the hour, the satisfies of being in at the death. Finesse attended to the end, and pleasure to the prospective harder, dead, disregarded, and forgotten.

It has been said that every man has at least one good point in his character. A gentleman, traveling on-line-boat, was asked by a friend to name one of the men before replaced. The former was just going to church, but suggested that he would be late. "Never mind," said the latter, "you can wait long. The preacher is no where, and he knows he can be the gentleman's horse, and he will wait." I heard the other day that the man had the only good point about him, *he never go to church.*"

It is usual for people to suppose it is like that of a watch, which reveals, without, what is concealed within. But this is a fallacy for our thoughts do not show the heart as well as a clock. It is seldom to the sake of which we are to be known by our words. A wonder placed in any business, as that by no other can may read, "the best in the city," will obviously be the one which has the most luck when it was sold.

Sorrow is not the heightener of a falling star, the fleeting splendor of a rainbow, the bubble that is sure to burst in the air, the sunbeam on a cloud, which, in a time, hopes to adapt himself to public opinion, should qualify himself to manage to make a part of any one of the masses, which announce a new form and figure every night.

"What is sin?" Many believe, where are they? Who answered where? This passage from Onkan has been much admired. "Sin is the transgression of a law laid on the brahman's, source to have been a very absurd one. What would result from thinking the question?

It was a complaint of D'Alembert, that men so commonly mistake what is useful for what is agreeable, so as to have none left for the performance of their duties. We shall not undertake to say that any books in a hurry have improved in that respect since his day.

"Mr. Jones," said a gentleman, "you are recently had frightened out of her senses by an ominous sentence in a letter." "Indeed, my husband, Mr. Jones," "Yes, a paragraph others in this village, but, if I do not write you to inquire, you will be alarmed by the report."

The hopeless effort to please all parties usually ends in pleasing none, at least in the sense of success. We never say any one else. What opinion can we have of a man who is ashamed to be seen in the street with a lady because is the greatest of all virtues.

Many a young man, in the sense of men of wealth, were recently brought before a court in New Orleans as committed for trial, charged with having stolen a watch, the only bad crime of his could be ascribed to. Most probably he had stolen it.

"Oh, pray let me have my way this time," said a young gentleman to his wife. "Well, then, I will; I suppose I must this once, but you know that after we are married I shall always have my own way."

"Do you pledge yourself to keep the peace to-west the Union?" said a Kentucky orator to a man who resigned for assault and battery. "Yes," said the prisoner, "I will not keep half of the oath—I will keep the peace."

"Strike, your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "when you are about to marry a woman you cannot support." "I had much rather steal them," said the unprincipled young man.

"I plant myself upon this position," said a progressive politician. "Yes," said his opponent, "I see that there were to be a crop of such, there would be altogether too much population in the country."

"My boots are getting very tight," said a fellow, after his fifth glass. "Why," said his friend, "you wouldn't if you ate all," said his companion.

Every man has his own conception of parishioners who ditch the fruit that others have gathered, and then throw away or consume the seeds in their own.

SOMEBODY says, in allusion to corporeal punishment, that a man cannot be whipped to the pupil of the eye, because it is always under the eye.

"Boy, what's become of the hole you had in your pants the other day?" "It's worn out, sir."

CURRENT ITEMS.

A MAN named McDougall recently died at the Bellevue Hospital, on account of the fatal effects of having swallowed a number of pieces of money. Among the lot was a gold piece on which they were set. He swallowed them while playing with them for a wager. He was offered at three cents each, either to have them freely secured, or else to take the chance of their passing off in the usual way.

These facts recently had a fight with arms, resulting in the death of one of the combatants. Another man's head was split open, another's breast was pierced, and a third had his arm broken. All of the men backed in pieces, when his dog came to his rescue, and, after a severe struggle, killed the dog of his opponent.

SEVERAL families that owned large quantities of Cuban bonds have recently received from $1 to $10 each, and them all to the many offers to have them united down with terms of interest. This is said to be the only way to get to the pawnbrokers. One family thus realized nearly twenty thousand dollars, and is said to be in easy circumstances.

The number of banks in the Union on the first of October was 1,416, with a capital of $422,000,000, $254,700,312 the specie held by them was $58,540,839; the circulation was $155,000,000. The amount of deposits of the people was $200,000,000.

The late rebellion in Louisiana has occasioned a reduction in the receipts for duties by the United States, of about $1,000,000 per annum. It is said that the General Government will be without a dollar in two months. But we have no fears on that account.

A couple of accomplished adventurers a fellow rose to the surface of society under this system. We hope they will start from will be the opposite, and the "point" to which they will be sent will be the State Prison. It is understood that it is impossible to find the North one.

The largest selling of United States stocks, has just several Sec ores and ears by their eating cannibals. The amount of stock sold was about one million dollars. That had been permitted to run in the same fish with the "Bulls" and "Bears" of Wall street.

Since March, 1815, the manner of fifty-five thousand persons have been committed to prison in this city. Of these, 1,000 have been committed for murder, 1,000 have been placed on the pension roll; and on the 30th of last June only three persons were arrested a couple of hours afterwards for robbing the mail.

The times have become so numerous and bold in Pascagoula county, Maine, that they come into meeting-and have parts and story of times and selves.

Many patriotic ladies have resolved, in view of the hard times, to wear their old bonnets this winter, and reduce the circumference of their dresses thirty per cent.

CORA'S HOME.

BY MARY FORREST.

There's a quaint old mansion,
Peeping thro' old trees
That seems to look and whisper
In the twilight breeze;
Where the stars at midnight
Sing a song so wild,
Reminds it its Dream Land—
A lost, ancient child.

In this dear old mansion
Books of ancient lore—
Gems of art—and antiques
From an ancient shore—
Rich up to the eyes
Such are the treasures
Charley hath in guardeens
To their deepest graves.

Fair brow'd children gather
On the garden bowers,
Waving hilarious echoes
In the rosy dawn;
Or nesting dove builds nest,
Lift their dewy eyes
With questions weird and wondrous,
And softly sign replies.

But this rare old mansion
Owns a richer spot
Than the stars above it
Or the sky lay nil
A something more than eloquent
Dearer than the children
Nestling in its touch.
Dainty feathie finger
By my many chair—
Tender beauteous
Never down on my hair—
Never landing ever
Without a thrill of joy.
To glorify the mansion
And win away the doubt.

Cora's hand is required—
Very small and fair—
And to witness marriage
Pressing on my hair;
Cora's voice is music—
Gushing thro' the house—
Rippling in the twilight
"Where we love are cora."

Cora has two mistresses—
A rounded-loving spirits,
Peering from many eyes;
Thro' fringes dark as night—
A spirit sweet and saintly
Hiding in her walls,
With one wing in the heaven
That sent up tears revelrie.

And here we sit together—
Each heart with its opinion,
Now wielding—now wincing
Like Grecian heated helm;
Till Cora's voice interposes
"It is time, daughters, see,
And Charley's hand smiles only
On early sleepers rest."

God bless my Cora's mother
For her heart of truth,
And keep forever gleaming
The dew drops of her youth;
God bless the rare old mansion,
With its sounding dancer still
Than the white-brow'd children
And the star-eye'd thrill!

LADY CLAUDINE;

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A DRAMATIC TALE.

BY DR. HORATIO W. NELSON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XV.

The picture which the beautiful Claudine presented to Brinsley Oakes, as he entered her boudoir, was one which Time would have immortalized, not only from the extraordinary beauty of the lady, and the admirable taste visible in that rare combination of elegance with simplicity, which distinguished her costume and the arrangement of her superb hair, but from the peculiar richness of tone of the light which, sifted through the gorgeous drapery of the windows, seemed to fall like flakes of golden snow upon her, and was equitably reflected back in waves of luminous golden dust. The brilliant *tout ensemble* afforded the very scene and object for the richly-toned and romantic pencil of the accomplished "poet of the Southland" alone.

"Brinsley, I am glad you have come in! I am so troubled about poor Stanley Stanley's case! His examination is now taking place, or soon to begin, and I have to beg or to bar what can be proved against him."

"Yes; I met her going out."

"I dare say you met her, and she said nothing to his character."

"For your sake, Claudine, but not for his; for I am confident of his guilt. I suppose you are aware that a pair of razors, matching the one that was taken from the robber, and some pound note easily verified, were found in the trunk yesterday by the police?"

"Many does not know this! Poor girl! Then he must be guilty! Alas, what man can be trusted in money, if Stanley has proved a villain! But I learn that the shepherd's boy, Reuben, who was here the night before last, is also under examination to-day. It seems to me impossible that he should have been concerned in it; for he left me, with Thomas, but a few minutes before the robbery took place, and had no pistol, and were no gloves nor cloak. Besides, Thomas took him to the Bell Inn, to take the stage to Salisbury Plains to his home?"

"His father with Thomas is strong testimony against his innocence; but I do not think he is guilty, and will try and clear him if I can."

"Who is this person in the door?" cried Lady Claudine, seeing some one standing within the entrance, as if wishing to have her attention called—"my gallery-door open?"

"Open word, I do not know! There was no one there as I came in," answered Brinsley; and he stepped to the door at once to see, and with a slight motion of his brow, unseen by Lady Claudine, beckoned the person to come forward. "It seems to be an Italian woman—a seller of perfumes. Did you send for her?"

"No; I did not remain. She may be poor, and have need to sell."

The woman, benevolently alluded to by Lady Claudine, was a dark-skinned, black-eyed woman, about thirty years of age, dressed in the usual costume of the Sardinian peasantry, and, under about England and France, selling elegant little bottles of perfumes; which, from their delicateness, costliness, and purity, were in great favor with the nobility, especially as they could never be had in any of the perfumeries in London or elsewhere—not even in the shop of "The Perfumer to Her Majesty."

Then, speaking loud to her, he said, in English—

"Go and let the lady examine your perfumes."

Lady Claudine looked over the lilliputian, crystalline bottles, elegantly cut and enameled, and finding upon some of them labels unknown to her, she asked, in a distinct tone, but this time in English, their names.

"I am very fond of all kind of perfumes," she said; "and my husband knows my weakness so well I almost suspect him of sending you here to give me a pleasure."

Captain Oakes started, with a guilty flush upon his cheeks, and earnestly regarded her with suspicion, as if he half believed she knew the truth; but the truth and unsuspecting air of her face relieved him, and he answered quickly (forgetting, as bad men and false plotters often do, in spite of their sagacity and caution, how that he had just told her he had no knowledge of her until he saw her in the door of the room):

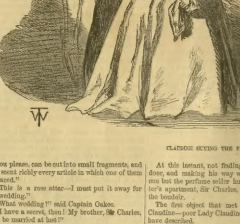
"Yes, you are right; I must her to give you a pleasure!"

"I thought you just said you ——

"Here, lady," said the woman, in clearly-feigned, broken English, interrupting her, "is a bottle of de attar of violets. Nobody but de Empress Eugenie de Grasse have ever seen it! It is worth more den the six bottels you have picked out of other kinds?"

"What is its price?" asked Lady Claudine, talking in her hand the exquisite little phial, which was hollowed from one crystal, and through the transparency of which the contents, scarcely a tinge perceptible, shone like liquid gold.

"Fifteen guineas de Empress paid my mother, lady, but you shall have this one for eight. It is de only one remaining of seven which I had."



CLAUDINE BUYING THE FATAL PERFUME.

At this instant, not finding the porter at the door, and making his way without meeting any one to the gorgeous suite burrying out of his office's apartment, Sir Charles, her brother, entered the boudoir.

His first object that met his sight was Lady Claudine—poor Lady Claudine—in the position we have described.

With an exclamation of horror on his lips he bounded forward and caught her in his arms. Her heavy and unresisting form appalled him. Finding her warm, and with a pulse, he called upon her by her pet name, and shook her softly. He dashed water into her face, and in the greatest anguish and amazement cast every means he could think of to restore life. He was about to press his lips in the bitterness of his affliction against hers, when he started back with horror. The tongue was swollen and covered with flecks of white froth!

He compressed his lips with the firmness of a man of desperation at this discovery. Carefully he laid her head back upon the divan. She was dead! He knew that she was dead!

"But," said the words came sharp and hissing from between his set teeth, "she has died by poison! She is beyond all means and! He rose almost in grave up to God! Vengeance now remains! Wind fetal hath done this cruel and most foul murder! And I am! Oh Claudine—Sir and noble sister! Poor—poor dead Claudine!" and he stooped and wept upon it passionately, as his noble spirit had yet linger about her heart. "All gone! Dead—have meant nothing!"

Wonder and admiration filled his mind! and he ran out of the room and called aloud. He was returned, and gazed upon her. He smelled a strange odor. He did not speak to her. The horrible! clasped in her hand. "What is this she has died! It is the bottle of perfume—and the sickening sweetness that fills the room!"

He looked at the flowers, and opening the bracket, the fragments of the minute crystal vase fell glittering to the floor, while the fragrance that exhaled his nostrils was overpowering! "It is casting! He felt his head swim, and his eyelids and head to burn!

"I also will lose my life if I remain here!" he said, speaking to Claudine, as if she could yet hear! He caught up a glass of water, and, drinking off a part, dashed the residue into his face, and staggered from the room to purer air. In a moment or two he recovered, and an idea flashed upon his mind that in the perception of this great woman! He recollected the woman whom he met, and that he had left a perfume shop. By this time his cabman brought the steward, the butler, and one or two others, (for most of the servants had gone to be present at the examination in the Queen's Arms,) whose horror at what they saw rendered them speechless.

"Run—overtake the woman with the perfumes!" he cried to them. "She must have been a party to this dread, though I do not believe the principal! Where is your master?"

"Gone to Mr. Charles, I don't know," answered the steward. "I think I saw him go out a while ago."

Sir Charles stood panting. He turned and ran to step to take. He earnestly hoped the woman would be overtaken by the police. He said directly to the order and run after her. At this moment, as he was about to send a message to Lord Argyll, he felt his head reeling, and, supporting it with his hand, he saw a wheel of fire within his head! He had possess the idea that the bottle could not be found to be opened while, and having called aloud—"Keep out of the room!" he staggered to the couch in the corner then she sprang into a hackney coach in waiting, and was driven off at the highest speed that white and voice could get out of a pair of rapidly-fleet horses. The coach took the road to the country, and stopped not until, through the same forest road by which the rector and mad Lady Cecil had passed, it reached Southampton miles from Bath, in front of the rendezvous.

Here they asked the brother of the smuggler Brisel, as his wife alighted from the carriage.

"Yes! She took the bait like a pure bird! I pity her; but what is her life to us? The gold we get by it. Peter, will take us back to Normandy, where you can live like a man, and not hide like a fox as you have to do here in England. For nothing else would I have done it! He spoke to me, poor lady, in French; but I have forgotten my native tongue, as I have been with you so long in England. Where is the Sardinian woman?"

"She is here."

"Give her back her basket and her liberty. We shall need 'em no longer. They're done their work. But that little phial of An——"

"The Claudine?"

"Yes. That did the work."

"I supposed so. He got the receipt in the Indies, as Brisel told me he told him."

"Well, I'm done after this with having anything more to do with you and Brisel's crimes. We've got money enough now, or shall have in a day or two, and we'll go for the money, and leave the rest of our days in an honest way. How does the priest and the crazy lady get on?"

"Quiet. She only sings and he prays. How long will we have to keep 'em?"

"Not long. Only till its too late, I suppose, for 'em to do mischief."

"Yes. The Captain Oakes is in a hard corner, I'm thinking, with, and needs to have his eyes open all about him, like a rat that finds a cat watching at every hole it would run out at."

These two persons now entered the part of the ruin occupied by them, and the hackney coach returned. All else is silent and still, for what purpose he could have stolen off in the night as (they supposed) to go to Bath!

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"Robbery! Is £5,000. They could not believe him guilty; yet what could be his flight but guilt? The inquiry he could not answer to them when they came to his house, nor now before the magistrate. He did not deny that he was in the room and with Claudine. He told a plain, straightforward story, of his attorney upon the object of his coming to town went hard against him, not only in the opinion of the magistrate, but even of poor Andrew, who was greatly troubled, and feared for the issue.

He seems to have been arrested at the order of Captain Oakes, and Sir Henry Dalton, hearing to Lord Argyll. "I have summoned him, and expect him here soon. We will set him aside for the present, and proceed to the examination of the evening's examination by other men."

Thomas finally asserted his innocence, and told the circumstances as they were, saying he saw the robbery committed, but he did not do it himself."

"Who did it?"

"I'll see him face, your honor."

"Thomas Stephenson, do you know them gloves?"

"I saw 'em, your honor, yesterday! The colonel tried to see if they would go on my hand."

"Let me your hand. Try the glove upon your left."

"Thomas evidently was not able to get more than his four large-sized fingers in it.

"He can't get it on, Sir Henry," said Lord Argyll.

"No! This evidence so far is of no value. Here is a new piece of testimony. Andrew, how did you come by it?"

"I never saw it before, your honor."

"Yet it was found in his trunk, my lord! It is of importance for your committal, Stephenson."

"Oh, my lord—Sir Henry—your honor, Sir Henry, I am innocent as a babe unborn!"

"Andrew Andrew, Stephenson was in company with the messenger sent for him. On seeing Lord Argyll's carriage approach, he turned half a step backward, and seemed confused and shocked. With a strong effort he mastered his feelings. He was not there of his own free will. It was he who had promised Lady Claudine to speak a word for Stephenson, but he had no intention of keeping his promise. What was Stephenson's life to him, when the sacrifice of it would insure the safety for his own's danger, what did his safety trouble him, who had cast him off all his life? But he obeyed the officer of the law, and was now present. Sir Henry Dalton then returned to Reuben's case, and asked to know on what grounds he had called to the officers to arrest she had.

Brinsley Oakes felt that Lord Argyll's eyes were upon him, searching his soul. He felt that in the grasp of Colonel Stanley there was an implicit blame of recognition. He remembered from what scene he had just come, and he felt that he must now have the self-possession and ease of speech necessary to make a his pass for the truth. He began to relate his story, how that the boy passed out of his gate, and his following him about the same time into the lane, saw him seize the horse by the reins, and commit the robbery and flight!

"You saw this, Captain Oakes?" demanded Sir Henry.

"Yes, your worship."

"Remember, sir, you are upon oath."

"And upon oath I assert the same," repeated the captain, forced by the unlooked-for interrogation to commit himself by his accusation of Reuben, whom otherwise he would have been glad to see escape; but with the eyes of Lord Argyll and Colonel Stanley fixed upon him, as if upon the eyes of accusing archangels, he could not invent a way of escape for him.

"Why, then, Captain Oakes, did you place this one pound note, and a pair of yellow gloves like the one the highwayman left in Colonel Stanley's grasp, in the chest of your footman? Was not your victim enough for the law?"

Captain Oakes was thunder-struck. He sprang as if a lightning flash had passed close to his eye. He was about to make some defiant reply, but his tongue clove to the roof of his dry and parched mouth. He felt that his slave had betrayed him, when wishing if possible to save his son, he added another victim in Stephenson. The slave had betrayed him. Arrested by the Chief of Police that morning, by the orders of Sir Henry, and being questioned as to where his master was at the time of the robbery, he revealed, under the promise of reward, everything he knew. It was at the suggestion of the Chief of the Police, who knew well the character of Brinsley Oakes, that the African was arrested. At length Captain Oakes recovered his speech.

"Do you listen to the testimony of a black man? That he says is false, and blood is his own heart! It a note and gloves were found in Stephenson's trunk, I had no hand in it. I trust I am too much of a gentleman, at least, to be guilty of so mean an act. If those gloves were found there, my treacherous slave stole them from me, and placed them there to do me evil?"

"Then, Captain Oakes, you confess the gloves belonged to you?" said Sir Henry, resting his eyes upon his face.

Brinsley Oakes was unexpectedly entrapped by his own words. But his impudence did not desert him.

"They may be mine, and yet be very different from the pair on my the robber left in."

"They are alike! And, sir, you see both bear upon the stolen letter, your initials—C O!"

The guilty man colored, and then turned rapidly pale, and then became red again, and in trying to speak, stuttered incoherently. It was clear that there was a tide against him, and that, unless he could escape by some outward force, he would be outstanding as a criminal before the bar at which he was to appear as a witness. He felt that unless he could turn aside the suspicions which were evidently increasing against him, he would be fall—all that he had done, within the last hour, an unheard-of murder for—the fortune of Lady Claudine!

"Sir Henry, I am a man of some social consideration, in four days I shall defy these ill! They may be priced afterwards, but the suspicion cannot be a head, I shall be a thousand miles in the interior of America. I appeal to your honor for help against me, caused by the treachery of my slave. If I cannot, sir, it is lost!"

Unable also to know what higher and more damning testimony lay behind, in the possession of Lord Argyll,

"Sir Henry Dalton," he said, summoning all his energies to his aid, "I cannot consent to be suspected on the testimony of a slave, who, chastised by me yesterday, betrays, or rather forges a its against me to-day. I am a gentleman by education, and beg you will set aside so absurd a tale, implicating my honor! I shall consider it, sir, as an insult, in a loud and impressive tone, "and repudiate the charge!"

"That's the voice! That's the man! It is all clear now since I hear him speak so, where I have not him!" cried Lord Argyll, in a tone of extraordinary energy. "Sir Henry Dalton, I demand the arrest of Brinsley Oakes as the murderer of Lady Claudine!"

"On what ground, sir?" demanded Captain Oakes, haughtily and amazed. His felt that a crisis was coming, and, like a gamester with his last stake, he resolved to put on a bold exterior at his mind for the moment. He felt he must put down opposition, or be lost! "On what?"

"Your voice!"

"Your persons still," repeated Captain Oakes, querulously. "I appeal to Sir Henry Dalton if this is evidence worthy of his notice."

"Sir Henry, I am sure to give you into custody either on the word of your African, nor even on this voice, which I never heard before. Brinsley would appear to recognize as identical with that of the highwayman. As an examining justice, I will set aside both."

"I thank you, Sir Henry," said he, with a look of gratitude, "and I am sure to give you into the yet good morning, as I have pressing engagements."

"One moment, if you please, Captain Oakes," said Sir Henry, blandly.

The captain bowed, but looked uneasy; for he believed he was about to escape from a position by no means agreeable to him.

"Only one moment, sir, for I left my wife, Lady Claudine, alone! Stephenson, you may go, and I desire to return."

"My stolen £5, sir!" exclaimed Lord Argyll.

"Yes, my lord! But only a sudden cold; but the medical attendant fears sudden congestion of the brain! You may go, but do not fail anyone."

"I shall go at once to her, Sir Henry, I trust to you can this suspicion," he added, turning his mind the relationship to me. We must prove it home, where she would be and wanted to assist. I must men deserves to be hanged; and, were he twice my brother-in-law, I would pay the costs of prosecution!"

Lord Argyll then left, and Captain Oakes would have followed him, but an officer placed himself between him and the door.

CHAPTER XVI.

The momentary excitement which the withdrawal of Lord Argyll created in the room by young having satisfied, Sir Henry Dalton said to the officer:

"You will see that as one leaves the apartment."

"I understand, your worship," answered, with an intelligent look, the police officer.

"What means this order?" demanded Brinsley Oakes.

"It explains itself," quietly replied Sir Henry.

"What! am I a prisoner?"

"Yes, sir! Officer, take Brinsley Oakes into your custody!"

"What means this outrage?"

"That you are arrested on the complaint of Colonel Stanley for robbing him on the king's highway!"

"It is false!"

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

"Be calm, sir; you can but injure your cause by this violence. The money which you paid into the bank, £9,000, has been identified by Lord Argyll, at least six of the notes, as the same he paid to Colonel Stanley; and the latter has identified, on oath, two notes of one thousand pounds each, which were in his pocket-book, as a part of your payment into bank; and, what is more, the pocket-book itself, which, probably, you had not time or forget to destroy, was found in your secret escritoire. These gloves, also, are proven to be yours. Your importer says he imports such only for you; and that he sold you these! The shoes of your right-hand boot have been identified with the print of those of a horse by which a man was attending within another when Lord Argyll paid the money to Colonel Stanley, who, in a quarter of an hour after, was robbed of it.

"You may well stand transfixed and speechless, sir. A lot of evidence has been unwaving about you, while you were wasting your mother around others! Your crime is heinous enough, but its guilt is greatly enhanced by the fact, your declaring plaining and conspiracy to sacrifice to your own safety, ten innocent men. And what remains to be done one of them hold to you? Even the second one of a son! This I learn from the lord-in-shepherd here! Lacquered to be foolish for me to make use of to express my horror of such a crime as this—a father casting off his child, and repudiating the mother, and then trying to compass the death of that son, by charging him with a crime himself committed! Sir, the criminal annals of England hold on record no case parallel in wickedness. You are now convicted, and proven to await your trial for the robbery! Thomas Sir-geant, you and you, Reuben Harker, are charged by Cecil Oakes, are both set at liberty, nothing appearing against you." Here Andrew grasped Reuben by the hand, and Sergeant by the hand, the happy Mary sprang forward, with a cry of joy, and did, crying, upon her father's shoulder.

"Stephenson, you will give bonds to appear at a witness on the trial. Others, you may go about your? You, sir, I do not pity! You will receive but the just reward of your deeds; but your lady of such she be, and does not share it, this makes Andrew's sale in turn, and as another crime towards your bonds, he shall be taken away, and my heart bleeds for her! But even the wicked drag the innocent into the consequences of their guilt!"

As the officers approached to lead the criminal away, he drew a pistol, and pointed it, and rushed out of the door. His horse was standing in front, held by Jakes. He vaulted into the saddle, and, spurred at full speed out of Bath.

As he rode, with spur and whip, he muttered aloud:

"Lost! All distorted! This forged will is lost indeed. I have murdered her in vain. How could I know that there was such evidence heaping up against me? Cursed gloves! Cursed pocket-book! Till I reach Bristol, I shall spare this not-able ship nor spur. I'll gain safety in France, and the gallows are behind! They will know I did this great murder! By this the fun and cry is up! Hounds! Hounds! and forever the Deadbolt then, my brave animal! This is the last ride we take in company! Bear me safely to the sea-side, and I give thee liberty!"

And on across the country, swift as the wind of the midnight storm, the fugitive sped, escaping for his life! But the pursuers were on his track. Men mounted on his heels, and Lord Henry Dalton, one of the best riders in England, calling for his horse to be made ready, in a few minutes, in his saddle upon his fleet hunter, and in pursuit! for the residence of Sir Henry Lacy was on the road of the city, the country was close at hand. Four or five gentlemen and policemen followed, and Colonel Stanley was about to join the chase, when he was detained, as he was passing the newly-placed-made, by one of Argyll coming towards him, with a face pale as that of a corpse; and in great agitation. Some terrible event had, at the escape of the fugitive, the colonel called out:

"He has taken to the fields, my lord, and is making a steeple-chase of it. But we can head him off by the cross-roads if you will go with us. Harry has gone ahead——"

"Let him not escape! He is a murderer, sir! He has murdered my sister, Lady Claudine!"

"What, my lord?"

"She is dead—dead—perfectly dead, sir. Poisoned! I was hastening to Sir Henry's to have him detained. Poor Dick Oakes to have been so murdered also, but he has recovered, to tell me that he found my sister dead together!"

"Merciful Heaven! Stan!"

"With some subtle poison! Which way did the scoundrel fly?"

He took the main road, but turned into the fields after crossing the bridge. As soon as Sir Henry exposed to him the full groan of his guilt, and ordered the officer to take him into custody, he desperately mounted them with a pistol, and made his way out, mailed into his saddle, and was off before we could have his one another, his companion. And now you say that his wife is dead!"

"Fatally murdered!" groaned Lord Argyll. "To and me by her body, and found with my poor brother till I return! I mean to pursue this assassin. I have two saddle-horses at the station here. That man must be overtaken, and suffer for his great crimes against God and man." Here he gave an order to the colonel, who, in haste, was hastened to execute it.

"Now you certain proof that he compassed her death?"

"Too. I found in his desk, forgotten in his departure—for villains cannot always guard all exposed points—a forged will, evidently and plainly forged, in which Judith left her husband his all her fortune. Mary, who at once hastened from the justice's to visit Thomas was not present, but she saw her master writing it, and showed me a sheet of paper she had found, whereon, full a score of times, he had practised Lady Claudine's signature. The motive for the murder was therefore apparent. Was ever so diabolical a crime conceived of or done on earth? Poor Claudine! Who seems to have died in dreadful agony. If this was a fine-looking young man, handsomely dressed, and mounted on a splendid horse, with a valise strapped behind a beautiful-looking saddle. By conceiving the necessary information, he disappeared within the entrance of the city.

About a month after this event, a paragraph appeared in a morning paper, which was to the effect stating that Mr. T., a member of one of the most respectable families of the city, had left home some forty days previous, upon a tour on horseback through the south-western part of the State, and that a month had elapsed without his being heard of. Then followed a minute description of both man and horse.

This paragraph was copied into one or two of the Orange county papers, and at length attracted the eye of the worthies. He told his story to a neighboring magistrate, and enquiries being instantly fastened upon the three inmates of the gap. When these quarters of a mile from the town, he looked back and saw several horsemen coming after him. He smiled bitterly and contemptuously, saying:

"Not a policeman in Bath has a horse that I cannot distance in a longer, and leave out of sight. I have a long course to ride, and must spare my horse's wind. I will draw in a little, and let them come up a little, and then I can leave them behind as I please."

So he checked the speed of his horse and watched his pursuers; and when they came near enough for him to see that they were policemen, poorly mounted, he shook the bridle reins forward with the at them, and shouting to his steed, bounded forward with a single bound, and left them in a moment far in the rear.

"The game is in my own hands," he said, as he saw his advantage. "It was well I was armed, and suffered myself not to be arrested. The evidence was hanging proof; and how aptly Argyll and those others have been collecting it, prepared to hurl it upon me. Poor Dick, Sir Henry Dalton, played with me like a skilful angler, with that fly on his hook—the testimony of my infernal black slave—making me believe that I was free. He is the foundation of suspicion; and when they saw I hit as it, and agreed to his charges, he was lulled, how easily they abandoned it, and made me, poor fool, that they were standing aside, and in effect believe that I was fully exculpated, and then to spring these bank notes upon me, number and date, to my utter consternation! Curses on the criminal annals of England hold on record no case parallel in wickedness. You are now convicted, and proven to await your trial for the robbery! Thomas Sir-geant, you and you, Reuben Harker, are charged by Cecil Oakes, are both set at liberty, nothing appearing against you." Here Andrew grasped Reuben by the hand, and Sergeant by the hand, and shook the happy Mary sprang forward, with a cry of joy, and did, crying, upon her father's shoulder.

"Stephenson, you will give bonds to appear as a witness on the trial. Others, you may go about your? You, sir, I do not pity! You will receive but the just reward of your deeds; but your lady of such she be, and does not share it, this makes Andrew's sale in turn, and as another crime towards your bonds, he shall be taken away, and my heart bleeds for her! But even the wicked drag the innocent into the consequences of their guilt!"

As the officers approached to lead the criminal away, he drew a pistol, and pointed it, and rushed out of the door. His horse was standing in front, held by Jakes. He vaulted into the saddle, and, spurred at full speed out of Bath.

As he rode, with spur and whip, he muttered aloud:

"Lost! All distorted! This forged will is lost indeed. I have murdered her in vain. How could I know that there was such evidence heaping up against me? Cursed gloves! Cursed pocket-book! Till I reach Bristol, I shall spare this not-able ship nor spur. I'll gain safety in France, and the gallows are behind! They will know I did this great murder! By this the fun and cry is up! Hounds! Hounds! and forever the Deadbolt then, my brave animal! This is the last ride we take in company! Bear me safely to the sea-side, and I give thee liberty!"

And on across the country, swift as the wind of the midnight storm, the fugitive sped, escaping for his life! But the pursuers were on his track. Men mounted on his heels, and Lord Henry Dalton, one of the best riders in England, calling for his horse to be made ready, in a few minutes, in his saddle upon his fleet hunter, and in pursuit! for the residence of Sir Henry Lacy was on the road of the city, the country was close at hand. Four or five gentlemen and policemen followed, and Colonel Stanley was about to join the chase, when he was detained, as he was passing the newly-placed-made, by one of Argyll coming towards him, with a face pale as that of a corpse; and in great agitation. Some terrible event had, at the escape of the fugitive, the colonel called out:

"He has taken to the fields, my lord, and is making a steeple-chase of it. But we can head him off by the cross-roads if you will go with us. Harry has gone ahead——"

"Let him not escape! He is a murderer, sir! He has murdered my sister, Lady Claudine!"

"What, my lord?"

"She is dead—dead—perfectly dead, sir. Poisoned! I was hastening to Sir Henry's to have him detained. Poor Dick Oakes to have been so murdered also, but he has recovered, to tell me that he found my sister dead together!"

"Merciful Heaven! Stan!"

"With some subtle poison! Which way did the scoundrel fly?"

He took the main road, but turned into the fields after crossing the bridge. As soon as Sir Henry exposed to him the full groan of his guilt, and ordered the officer to take him into custody, he desperately mounted them with a pistol, and made his way out, mailed into his saddle, and was off before we could have his one another, his companion. And now you say that his wife is dead!"

"Fatally murdered!" groaned Lord Argyll. "To and me by her body, and found with my poor brother till I return! I mean to pursue this assassin. I have two saddle-horses at the station here. That man must be overtaken, and suffer for his great crimes against God and man." Here he gave an order to the colonel, who, in haste, was hastened to execute it.

"Now you certain proof that he compassed her death?"

"Too. I found in his desk, forgotten in his departure—for villains cannot always guard all exposed points—a forged will, evidently and plainly forged, in which Judith left her husband his all her fortune. Mary, who at once hastened from the justice's to visit Thomas was not present, but she saw her master writing it, and showed me a sheet of paper she had found, whereon, full a score of times, he had practised Lady Claudine's signature. The motive for the murder was therefore apparent. Was ever so diabolical a crime conceived of or done on earth? Poor Claudine! Who seems to have died in dreadful agony. If this was a fine-looking young man, handsomely dressed, and mounted on a splendid horse, with a valise strapped behind a beautiful-looking saddle. By conceiving the necessary information, he disappeared within the entrance of the city.

About a month after this event, a paragraph appeared in a morning paper, which was to the effect stating that Mr. T., a member of one of the most respectable families of the city, had left home some forty days previous, upon a tour on horseback through the south-western part of the State, and that a month had elapsed without his being heard of. Then followed a minute description of both man and horse.

This paragraph was copied into one or two of the Orange county papers, and at length attracted the eye of the worthies. He told his story to a neighboring magistrate, and enquiries being instantly fastened upon the three inmates of the gap. they were arrested; but the circumstances, though strong, not being deemed sufficient to even place them upon trial, they were discharged.

A year after they were set at liberty, the man, who, as already stated, had, in the meanwhile, become a poor, drunken creature, thoroughly depraved and corrupt, came before the grand jury of the county, who were sitting at the time; and, in consequence, the father was arrested and confined as well as himself, in different cells of the county prison. The woman was not implicated, but she pride-ness, to be held in large sums for some time from mother, known it would worry her almost to death. She had been taken from her family at last she plagued me so, that I up and killed her. After all, would you believe that that one thing wouldn't give me any of the money? So what with that, and seven she murdered man every night certainly, I had, with his brains all blown out, and my chamber all in blue flames, I tak to drink, and that man there and I used to quarrel, and finally at last he knocked me down and kicked me out of doors. I then said I'll be revenged, and I've kept my word; and of you don't hang me.

The wretch had proceeded thus far, pouring out his words with a sort of frenzied haste, when he suddenly fell backward. The jailer had listened to him as he told his story, with eyes that glared more terribly at every word, edging nearer and nearer, like the stealthy movement of the panther towards its unsuspecting victim; but, as his son uttered the words, he sprang upon him with all the force spring of that same panther upon his prey, and had dashed a stunning blow at his head by the throat. So sudden and unexpected was the attack, that the prisoner was dragged and fell to the ground, and, before he could recover himself, he had struck him a terrible blow with the iron, two-like grasp. There was a rush of all near by, and the jailer was dragged off, but not before he was the action, then a moment or two elapsed before he could speak. The jailer had learned, at the sea; his eyes rolled fearfully, and his tongue protruded between his teeth, and his features, like the steadily of his crimes upon the scaffold. He died unrepentant, and was thrown into the pit-ungodly of a human being. I mistake—there was one who attended him in his cell—and by his side at the scaffold, and received him into her arms when the fearful sentence of the law was fulfilled. The body was that of his son. The hatred him as a wife and child to "The Gaoff" and in one short month was laid beside him. The world was no place for her. God, in His merciful kindness, took her away, and, doubtless, she received a welcome from Him, clinging to the object of its devotion through shame and guilt, despair and death!

THE HAND.

The hand, in the light of comparative anatomy, most significantly marks the distinction between man and animals. It is the instrument of man in relation between its performances and the mind, and its development is therefore always governed by their being observed with wonder. When one looks at the finished fingers of a lace-girl of twenty-nine beings, their certainly and vigor in performing the most complicated movements are inconceivable degree, the almost antagonist qualities of great strength and extreme delicacy, free-ness with strength and extreme delicacy, and feel cise with thorough control. The same mechanism by which they adjust themself to the of the sword, the hammer, the axe, the blacksmith wields a ponderous sledge, and the watchmaker a pair of nippers, the artist's canvass, and modify sounds of the most exquisite musical instruments. The fingers, whose movements constitute the palmation of the web, valved, when folded together, become a weapon, the fist, for striking, and a suffering, and, by the calm; grasping a mechanic's tool, they perform the office of a vice, and—most grandly and eloquent of genius, they act as the magnetic telegraph of the soul. The freedom of the hand's movement is ascribed to the collar-bone, which keeps the shoulder-apart, and distributes muscular effort over a large chest. The muscles of the arm, hand and finger-bones, and the nervous tissue, and their blood-supply, are part of the system of the body. Power and flexibility are thus equally attained, and the result is, an instrument which, guided by the human intelligence, is the handiest and most unfailed officer, and has for its sphere the whole domain of the useful and beautiful. Nothing can presume to weave back-stuck for his log-hut, and fagged to light up an eternal smile upon the lip of beauty, or to marble it into a sculptured goddess, to guide his vessels with unerring helm over the pathless waters; and the speediest, by the lightest touch, to bring to his feet the eagle that hovers in the clouds.

PREVALENCE OF BEAUTY.

Amid all the deformity of this world there is much beauty. It greets us in our common habitations even before we have power to appreciate it, as in a child's face, and it is the object of the most careful and deepest emotion of which our moral nature is capable; and a thirst for joy, which is universally the new fact of our individual existence. A happy constitution it is, that to the child, the mother of all beautiful, and the visible world is a source of delight that dealogies of affections which the finger of God has written on the human face and on the heart." Thus it is, that love and beauty (not in their essential sense) are inseparably associated in certain forms of our existence.

But it is not alone in the exercise of the higher and nobler affections of humanity, that we are to seek for the beautiful. The material world that surrounds us is full of it, and it is there, therefore, the early dawn of a summer's day, that period of the morning which precedes the outbursting of the sun's rays, or at noon, if you please, the hour of "dewy eve," when that same luminary is "sinking in burning state" in the deep bosom of the Pacific. Could mortal pencil ever approximate to the delineation of these scenes of beauty! All, all is original. All else is copy. Everywhere the difference between the finite and the infinite is manifest. Now, this is, in fact, the simple purpose of lighting the world might have been accomplished without so lavish a display of, we had almost said, lavishness beauty. But God delights in benevolence, as well as in beauty, physical, intellectual, and spiritual. Hence, the union of beauty and goodness, in so many of his individual acts and final constitutions.

We must not always speak all that we know—that were folly; but what is man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it is knavery.

GLOVES.

From the first covering for the hand down to the Henry VIII. gloves, which, D'Israeli tells us, are in the possession of the family of Sir Thomas Dacre, and from them again down to the gloves of the present day, something curious, no doubt, might be related of them all.

There is the delicate perfumer, or lavender-colored glove of the coquette, which makes its appearance first with the first butterfly of the season, and is the general accompaniment to the moustache, or to the language of such a beard as Sir Roger de Coverly locked upon as the type of wisdom. Then there is the second-hand glove of the staid middle-aged gentleman, often seen grasping the gold head of a stout cane, something less perhaps, in its dimensions than the modern walking-stick of Mr. Turnbull, which afforded such amusement to the friends of Sir Roger de Coverley. There is the grave, black silk glove of the divine, and the dainty white kid of the belle, bordered with down of the cygnus.

There is the short, woolen glove of the ragpicker, and the long, embroidered glove of the ball-room. Dear Dame Fashion, we crave thy pardon. We were thinking of long ago, when the smallest portion of the most beautifully rounded arm was displayed in public, and forgotten the dead-nudity of thy present votaries.

It may perhaps be a matter of taste, but we confess to a dislike of the blue glove worn by many ladies. The color is too decided. We have seen a pretty girl whose face, with her bright eyes and her flowing bonnet, and tasteful cloak of blue merino, but

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

TO COUSIN MARY.

BY CLARA STUPPET.

Cold heart the wintry wind
Round the homestead sighing;
Then and the snow comes down,
On my pensive frying.

Bright burns the cottage fire
By the wizard's spraying,
Chasing away the midnight night
Of cold in autumn flinging.

While I gaze and think of thee,
Sweetly, gravely whirling,
Of many, for many,
Mary, I am thinking.

And will my Mary think of me,
This cold and wintry evening?
Or turn one idle glance for me
With all her thoughts be given?

I trust you've all a cheerful mood,
And the night is dreary;
That all your household mood of love
Makes the dark evening cheery.

Let's make the best of each and health
And bless the Glorious Giver,
While we are going, early on,
Adown life's rapid river.

And when at last our time shall come
To wave the flaming wands,
May the who throne all our lives
Receive us in his mansions.

THE VILLAGE BRAVO

BY ATLEANE COMP, JR.

Nearly every country village has its "bravo." We do not mean "An Assassin," or "A man who murders for hire," as Worcester explains the word; but we mean the one who has more fellows and others must give way—the man who can "whip anybody in the town"—the great big animal who thinks his position enviable, and who is envied by men with little bodies and little brains.

Our village, at its bravo, is at present; and a perfect type of his class he was, too. His name was Jonathan Burke, though I never heard him called "Jonathan, but once, and that was before a justice's court. *Jack Burke* was his name "the world over," as he often said. He was a big, burly fellow; of fair and two inches and a half with broad massive shoulders; great, long arms; and a head like a small pumpkin. His face was characteristic. A low, protruding forehead; a small, sensual mouth; heavy lips; and a broad, deep chin. His eyes were of a light gray, verging nearly to yellow, which, while his hair, which was coarse and crisp, was of a burnt, mahogany color, rather a dark one. Jack was not yet of a dark hue. The only feature in his whole man which tended to detract from his herculean proportions was his face, or rather his first appearance of his brand. To one skilled in nonverbiage, or "bluey, it would at once have become apparent that he had but little of what is generally denominated "bottom," and that a long continued physical effort would have reduced his "wind" to a weak point.

Jack Burke was born and reared in our village, and ever since he had begun to go to school he had been the terror of all unfledged boys who dared to cross his path. He beat his companions without mercy, and took delight in being feared. As he grew older, he became more insolent and overbearing, and at the time of which we write he was dreaded by all the decent people of the place. His voice was loud and coarse, and it broke in upon all decent whilst making its gathered nuisance him.

And then this brave did not possess that spirit of generosity usually betrayed by those who happen to be gifted in size and strength. He was, on the contrary, mean and cowardly. He delighted in bullying the weak, and even laying out his full strength upon those not half his size. In short, he was a coward as well as a bravo. He forced himself upon all our little gatherings, and seemed to take delight in stalking about and realizing that none of us could but fear him. He was now twenty-two, and was fast forgetting all of school knowledge he had ever gained at school.

Among the social accessories of the population of our village was a young doctor, named William Crosby. He was a small, pale-faced fellow, about over five feet and ten inches in height, and quite slim in form. But the man who studied him closely would have seen that a fine, generous soul lay within a frail body, confirmed over his studies, and was more, after all, a delicate, fragile piece of clay than a want of health. And it would also have been seen that his slight frame was a very sensitive one, and most admirably moulded and put together.

William Crosby was what the girls of our village called a handsome man, and none of the youth could but like the fairhaired doctor who received from the female portion of our community, for as we become acquainted we shall see found in him manly and generous qualities we found in him. He was a warm friend, and a valiant opponent.

And *Crosby* had proved himself an excellent physician, too; and though he had been in our village but a few years, his skill and his confidence reposed in his skill was far greater than had been reposed in the ancient blustering old gentleman who preceded him.

One day one of us went into his study—he was unmarried, but being only three-and-twenty, of course not a bachelor—we were invited in as we walked along by his hearty voice, and were pleased to accept the invitation. His study was a gem of a place for comfort, and among the articles not absolutely necessary for the study of his profession we noticed a rifle; a set of boxing gloves; a pair of fish; a pair of heavy wooden trees; swords; while upon the floor were a pair of dumb bells. I observed what these articles were for—surely not for the doctor's use, for I could do nothing with them, save to hold them in my hands, and swing them about at an angle of some forty-five degrees, and I was much more than the use of.

I asked him what he did with them. "Oh," he said, smiling, "I exercise my muscles with them;" and as he took both dumb bells and raised them at arm's length, and there held them for some minutes, like the broad muscled ox-like a Roman culture. Then he threw them up, and out, and around, handling them as though they had been mere toys. It seemed impossible that so small a body could contain so much strength, but he assured us that it did, and proved it by practice. He had labored for years to develop a muscular system, in which he had been taught since a child. And he also said that by keeping his muscles well hardened and developed, he was better able to bear the fatigue of his profession, which called him from his rest often for several nights in succession.

We were making arrangements for a grand picnic in our village. The girls were making pies and cakes of all sorts and shapes, while we youths were preparing new tables, and clearing up the grove, which was just outside the village, on the bank of the river.

They day at length came, and the sun smiled from a cloudless sky, and a fresh breeze came sweeping up the river bearing a grateful coolness upon the bosom. We reached the ground in due season, and only one thing came to mar the pleasures of the occasion. Jack Burke made his appearance upon the ground, in a shabby, dirty suit, and with an insolent swagger. A chill ran through the whole crowd. Many of us would gladly have helped put him away, but we shrank from meddling with one who was so strong and gigantic, and withal, so reckless and merciless in his wrath. We saw at his delirium tremens of the doctor quarter as he noticed the filthy fellow swaggering about, but he said nothing then.

One of our party was a youth named David Singleton. He was a quiet, good-hearted fellow, and beloved by all. He had won Squire Mary Livingston to the picnic. Mary was a pretty, blue-eyed maiden of eighteen, and that she loved David right fondly, we all knew just as well as we knew that David loved her.

So it happened that when Burke had offered, on several occasions, to walk upon Mary, and she had in effect peremptorily refused him, he had professed to like her, and had made his boast that he would have her yet, and, if David Singleton dared to put his arm in the way he'd drop him!!!

On the present occasion Jack was not long in seeking Mary's side. David was somewhere else busy. He was a light, small-framed youth, and looked with dread upon the giant who sought to annoy both him and his fair companion.

Mary asked Burke to gather grapes; and she spoke she turned shuddering from him.

"I shan't go away," the burly brute returned. "If you don't like it you may hump it!"

"Come, Mary," said young Singleton, trembling, "let's leave him."

"You will, eh?" cried Burke, seizing Mary by the arm, and drawing her to him.

The affrighted girl uttered a quick cry of alarm, and Singleton started to his feet, quivering at every point.

"Miserable brute!" he exclaimed, "let her go!"

In an instant Burke leaped up, and severe he's the grapevine from his hold, or rather hold on his life!"

In an instant all was alarm and confusion; but in the midst of the clamor arose a clear, clarion voice—

"Stand back! Stand back every one of you! Back, I say—and give me room!"

The way was quickly cleared, and the young doctor leaped into the open space, his bright, eye burning keenly; his fine features pale as slight, handsome frame erect and stern.

"Fellow!" he thundered, "leave this place! Take your foul presence hence at once! Do you understand? What a miserable coward, to insult a girl! Shame! Shame! Away with you!"

For a few moments Burke was completely dumb-founded. There was something in the voice and bearing of the man before him, and in the strangely burning eye that bound upon him, that awed him for the while. He had never met everything by its weight and size, and the courage of a lion was something new to him.

"Who are you?" was his first remark, at the same time shaking his head to clear his confusion.

"I am the man who ordered you to leave this place! Your presence is very offensive. You were not invited, and if you had any decency you would not be here!"

"Look here, my fine dandy!" bellowed the brute, "just you my I aint decent again, and I'll whip the ladylike face of yours in a smighty quick!"

There was a quiet smile upon the doctor's face as he replied—

"Your very coarse now shows that you are devoid of all decency. A gentleman is in no place where he knew his presence was offensive!"

With a fierce oath Burke leaped forward, short, and darted forward. We would have interfered, but Crosby sternly waved us back, and we knew he were fearful. What could the small, gentlemanly physician do against such a giant?

But we were soon undeceived. Upon Burke's first advance, Crosby nimbly slipped on one side, and with a quick motion of his right arm, the giant's knee, and sent him at full length upon the ground. Like a mad bull he sprang to his feet, and while the curses showered from his lips, he started upon Crosby as though he would annihilate him at once. Quick and serene was the doctor mood, and as the brute came up he adroitly raised his left elbow, and passed his right hand over his shoulder, and at the same moment he gave a quick jerk to his left arm, and the heavy fellow that knocked him completely from his feet. That blow sounded like the crack of a pistol, and we struck by a man who knew how to use it, and his power to the best advantage wherever he wished to use it.

Jonathan Burke arose like one swabbered, and so was he. But in a few moments he recovered his senses, and leaped towards Crosby again. This time the doctor performed a feat that we so surprising as it was effective. Like a thing of steel wire and finely tempered springs, he jumped up and forward, planting both his feet upon the giant's breast! Burke fell like a log; but his opponent was not heavily bound, and he was on his feet again.

"Look ye," cried Crosby, sternly, "you have seen enough of me to know that I am not to be trifled with. Now go away, and you shall go unmolested; but one more attack upon me, and more trouble me more I shall most assuredly hurt you! I have given you warning!"

"I'll lick ye after I go; if I don't—"

We will simply add that the remainder of this sentence was composed of fearful oaths, and that, while they yet quivered upon his lips, he clenched his fists and darted forward.

This time the doctor received him in a new fashion. He leaped lightly aside, and nimbly and clumsily aimed at him, and began to settle in a shower of knocks upon his face and head, breast, and arms, and body; the man soon completely bewildered him. On they came—heavier and heavier—thicker and faster—each one cracking like a pistol, and planted exactly where it was aimed. In a very short time the brute was only entirely exhausted, but his whole body, above the waist, was beaten till the flesh was black and purple. He moved like a calf for mercy.

Will you leave the ground at once?" demanded of the doctor.

"Yes."

"And will you promise never to annoy Mary Livingston again?"

"Yes."

"Then go!"

Like a whipped cur, as he was, the fellow left the ground, and when he was gone the young doctor, who had not even got a scratch, cried out in a ringing, happy tone—

"Come, boys and girls, now to sport. I'll go and wash my hands, and then join you."

The long day cloud was gone, and the day ended amid cheers and smiles, and happy songs. Every body might have been jealous had everybody wanted to, for everybody's girl flirted and made love with the doctor all day long; but everybody loved him, and therefore, all were happy and not jealous.

Within a week Jonathan Burke left our village, never to enter it again. He couldn't stand the sneers and jibes that were cast upon him nor could he bear to see those who had witnessed the summary punishment he had received. It was a glad day for our village when he left it, and the doctor never gave a more effective nor a more valuable deed than he did when he purged the place of that lunkus.

One thing more: Within a week every young lady in the village to-day they will be successful in

THE BETRAYED;

OR, THE PURITAN'S REVENGE

On a fine moonlight night, just previous to the restoration of Charles II., a young man of gentlemanly appearance was walking rapidly toward the village of Charing; his dress denoted that he was of the sect of Puritans. It was about midnight, a widower with one child, whose household was under the charge of his sister Grace.

He had proceeded for some time in his solitary walk, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He started and turned: it was his uncle Martin.

"Uncle," he exclaimed, "what brings you here at such an hour?"

"To tell thee that the Commons of England and both lords have declared for Charles, and recalled Charles Stuart to the throne of his fathers."

"I have heard as much. England is now no place for me. You and my little sister will soon be on the tyrant's track."

"Edward," said his relative, "thou art but lukewarm. But the Lord hath regroved thee. Hath he not delivered thee from bondage?"

"He hath!" groaned his nephew, with a glance at his mourning garments. "She I loved is in her grave—"

"And thy sister," added the old man, bitterly, "the child of my brother shall be disinherited."

"What mean you?"

"That William Grayton soon now at in her chamber, despite my warning. Thou wouldst shelter him and the proud flesh his brother. Like a serpent he has stung me."

"I must have proof of this."

"Thou shalt have it before I am old. He and, sadly," said he convinced of the dishonor of thy sister's child."

Drawing their swords, they concealed themselves behind a portion of the garden wall, from whence they could see the light in the lady's chamber.

Grace Martin was as lovely a creature to look upon as her brother. She had seen but little of the young royalist, who was her brother's friend and guest, with whom he had been intimate, but recently consoled to a secret marriage. There might have been no injury, there was—injudicious as she was, not so dishonor. Unfortunately his nightly visits to her chamber were discovered by her uncle, who, in his fanatical zeal, was not slow to carry to brook.

"I suspect!" whispered the old man to his companion. "Now are you convinced?"

"But how shall we proceed?"

As the adventurous husband descended from the window of the mansion—for he and his brother were obliged to secrete in the garden—the uncle and nephew attacked him. They would listen to no word of explanation, considering that a young man must have fallen beneath their sword who had dared to enter the house at such hour, brought his brother disgrace to his sentence. In the struggle which ensued, the young royalist was fatally turned—Edward Martin was dying.

No sooner did the young man perceive the condition of his adversary, both kindly disposed him, and attempted to raise him from the ground.

"Not so, Edward—I am true to thee, Grace," he whispered, "it is my will."

A glance of satisfaction overspread the countenance of the puritan, as he felt upon the sward a corpse.

But no explanation could appease the wrath of Martin. He was in a fearful state of mind, and in a deep revenge. Time will show how he fulfilled it. A gentleman of the name of Grayton was under all possibility of her communicating with her husband, whom he branded as her brother's murderer, and who knew how to avenge himself.

Poor Grace was truly wretched!

Her uncle had departed for London, where they assisted in the restoration of the king, after which event was known as the Restoration, and the gay court of the licentious monarch, the brothers moved with zeal—alternately the companions of Charles's pleasures and counsels. Many of the malcontents were lavished upon them with an intimacy which, at first, caused both the brothers astonished. At length, when time had sufficiently established their power, they began cautiously to indulge in thoughts of love. Ellen Digby, the only daughter of a staunch royalist, was the object of the choice. Her home instead of at school, which were abandoned for marriage and retirement. Nine harassed, more than once, by the royal favorite, and his young bride arrived at his brother's seat, Tyler Hall, in Lincolnshire, where, in a few months, the death of her brother, had given up her mind entirely to the guidance of Martin and the prescriber of his counsels. Grace was left to her own reflections, at least without a fear.

Time passed on in this manner. "I have engendering here what shall work retribution: they have evangled upon us, but we will turn and read them!"

Within the year the bride presented her husband with a son and heir, and nearly twenty years his birth; the young stranger was not only heir to the estate of Tyler Hall, but also to the title of the fair cavalier which Charles had just conferred upon his friend Clayton, who had no child of his own, or his nephew was the object of satisfaction. Meanwhile, Martin and Grace had disposed of all their property in Kent, and a light cloud was secretly engaged to carry them to their future destination: the new world, where persecution was unknown, and never again seen in that part of the country, which was the consecration of the following morning, when it was discovered that the young heir of the Claytons had been carried off, no one could tell how. In vain did the distracted parents offer rewards; messengers were dispatched into different parts of England, but in vain; every clue seemed lost, and the search was at last abandoned as hopeless. William, with his brokenhearted wife, returned to London, to forget, if possible, in the dissipation of the capital, the grief which preyed upon his heart. Nearly twenty years rolled on without the least intelligence of the lost heir, when the earl and his brother were appointed to attend the Duke of Monmouth against the covenanters in Scotland, whose success had at first alarmed the government. Before the royal army they were everywhere defeated; from Killiecrankie they were pursued to Dunbarton, and driven from that stronghold to define difficult of access on the opposite banks of the Clyde.

"I have a strong presentiment, William," exclaimed his brother, as they mounted their horses to scale the parapet and to dislodge the enemy from their last defense; "in all our encounters I have been either shot out by an old man and his son—at least from their being always together and fighting in concert I estimate them as such; something tells me that to-day they will be successful."

William laughed at the earl's augury, and placed himself at the head of his troops. The royal forces were again successful, and the covenanters completely dispersed. The earl, after the engagement, rode a short distance from the field to observe the direction the fugitives had taken, when he once more encountered the old man and the son young man, whose perseverance in tracking him to the last before cleared the field.

"So!" exclaimed the old man, "we have met at last! Now, Lord hath given thee to me!"

The earl recognized in the speaker his old enemy, Martin; and aware of his determined character, prepared for his defense. Thus, while had spared the strength of Martin, had conserved his life, he was not sanguine. He was opposed to a light, active soldier who once brought him to his knee when his arms descended the center: the sword of the earl broke short, he was unhorsed, and found unarmed at his enemy.

"Advance, boys!" cried the old man, "and strike!"

They hesitated.

"Do you pause? Edward, Reuben—for this you have disobeyed me! Is it well that you disobey your father?"

"My master!—exclaimed the young men both at once—" we cannot become assassins! Give him a weapon, and singly we will attack him; either he or we must fall!"

"Rebellious fools!" shrieked the old man, pendering—"ha! the bloodhounds are upon us! Nay, then, my own arm! Proud man—thy hour is come; my prayers are heard, and revenge is mine!"

"Sheva!" answered the earl, misconceiving him: "I offer no supplication to such as thee! I defy thee!"

The puritan grasped his weapon, and passed it twice through the body of his enemy, who fell bravely, without one sigh. No sooner was the deed accomplished than the royalists, headed by William, reached the spot.

"Harm them not!" he exclaimed to the exasperated soldiers. "Is not this all-sufficient? Who shall be mad?"

They had captured their prisoners, and, raising the body of their late commander, proceeded with solemn steps once more towards the castle of Dunbarton.

Notwithstanding the evidence of a wounded obstinacy, which witnessed the fate of her son, the young men, though innocent of any participation in the deed, were condemned to die with Martin. The guard were already drawn up in the castle yard, when the old woman appeared, and, breaking out from the window, when a woman, deeply veiled, rushed into the apartment.

"Is my son safe?" exclaimed the new Earl of Clayton.

"Mercy!" replied the female, sinking upon her knees; "mercy for the two wretched youths who have fallen victims to my fury!—Mercy!"

"It cannot be," replied the earl. "Example is necessary. Should I have suffered the murderer of my brother to feel disposed to mercy?"

They must be saved, or your soul and mine will have to answer it. Are you not bound to disciples fellow, as you would wish to die in peace, and to meet your God?"

"Woman, it may not be. The men wait but my signal."

"Give it, proud man!" exclaimed the female, as the report echoed through the castle. "Will you not hear me first?"

"Has my name! Who art thou?"

She slowly raised her veil.

"Heavens! Grace Martin! Those youths?"

"Are my murdered Edward's boy; the other—"

"Speak!" exclaimed the stricken earl, "if thy sex will excuse thee, I will hear—I will not kill me!"

Was the lost heir of the race of Clayton!" replied the female.

The bereaved father—bereaved by his own act—sunk upon a chair, and, broken-hearted, at the feet of the partisan sister.

A HAPPY COUPLE.—I was married for my money. That was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory. I have had but luck as a wife, and she a husband. I have scarcely one virtue in common. He wishes to live in the country, which I hate. He is the ignorance of seventy-five degrees, which he hates. He likes the children which I adore. I have instead of at school, which I like music, and want to go to concerts, which he hates. He likes roast pork, which I hate; and I like veal cutlets, which he hates. There is not one thing we both like, and that is what we cannot agree upon, though we are always trying for it—the last word.

PRUDENCE IS AN OMENUM.—"All have their evils and their entrances."—It is a treat to see Prudery get her dander up. Of course she is mad as a March hare when she is made civility—it might give her a chance to show her claws—but it is a treat, and a rare one, to see her claws.

THE HELM OF CHANNEL.—As a canal-boat was passing under a bridge, the captain gave the usual warning, "Look out!" "Look out!" where is the little Frenchman, who was sitting by a window in the cabin, obeyed the order by popping out his head, and received a severe thump from a pillar. He drew it back in a great pet, exclaiming: "Dese Americans cry look out! when dey mean look in!"

THE AUSTRALIAN SQUATTER.

In Australia, the squatter, removed from society and the refinements of life, becomes careless of his appearance and manners; nay, he becomes heedless even of those comforts of life which are within his reach. With hundreds of cattle, he has no butter or cheese, and very often no milk! With a rich soil around him, he has no garden—not any vegetable or fruit to allure away his appetite. With grain, he has no poultry; with a gun, he has no game. With a river at his door, he has no fish. Make a hole with your finger in sand, place a bean in, or drop one on the ground, in three years it has been left; stick a vine-cutting into the earth, and in fifteen or sixteen months, clusters of fine grapes are the result. Sow the beaches, and yet the squatter seldom does the one or the other.

He certainly has good reasons for not making his station too attractive; but it cannot be doubted that his life is often much more cheerless and comfortless than it need be. Few of the stations are adorned by a female. Wherever this is the case, a great improvement is perceptible.

The squatter's dwelling is frequently a hut no better than those of the natives. It is built about blackened by the smoke of the fire, and giving forth sounds that startle the silence of the forest. During the day, his pipe is rarely out of every hut or free-stick he passes, or if he sees some of these, he has recourse to his flint and steel.

Provided with a gun, he thinks nothing setting anything, and when he returns he says, as he breakfasted, and dined, and supped, "I killed a wallaby," not both, but one or the other, according to the time he has been out. If he has to dress a hen in the morning, and even if he calls on a neighbor ten or twelve miles off, he says, "I killed a wallaby," as one he has no books, or no taste for reading; therefore, he smokes his pipe till bed-time, and then turns in.

HAPPY HOMES.

Let it be our effort to multiply the number of virtuous and happy homes. The best thing around us is the social joy of domestic life and companionwealth. All laws are vicious, all tendencies are to be deprecated which increase the difficulty of building homes. Every rule that makes and only influences which are cherished by the domestic affections. Every thing that increases the capitalists, disturbing the steady and uniform course of employment, and in many instances the independence and debauchery among workmen—are the deadliest foes of the household virtues. In how many homes have we found the element of true content happiness, if society were only conducted in a natural manner, and not under the false influences of every class could be restrained from vicious indulgence and the grossness of luxury, and marriage contracted with thoughtfulness, and cemented by love and faithful love when a fond position is gained in the world, and when a fund has been accumulated—hard work and frugal habits at the commencement of married life, and the first few months—these are conditions of existence within the reach of every one who will seek them—remove three of the powerful causes that now abound, because a wrong direction is given to their tastes and energies, and we may create a vast amount of interest and enjoyment, which they might create and cultivate themselves. Let us not underrate the visionary picture—it is a sober, accessible possibility, such as even now, under the pressure of many adverse circumstances, exists in the homes of not a few working-men who have learnt the art of thoughtfulness, economy, and self-command, and maintaining genuine respectability in a humble position.

GOLD.

Gold—bright, beautiful gold! What an interesting e ri to man, because it fills his hearts in the market-place—because it causes him to perjure with fewer scruples, and to forswear with less compunction, and leaves rough travelling-boots on his lips, and hardens his heart to the poor and its jeweled hand to help the millionaire up the rounds of social fame, while the poor drudge on the life-up of labor, and the richer disappointment for a similar ascent. It takes the life of rarest fish and the finest game, and at the same time destroys every favorites, and makes dear Mother Earth find roots and herbs for her darlings for her pure sake.

Man will not realize the virtue that lies buried in glittering stores of gold, and so the fable for the gods—the mythological tale of Midas, and so revels in selfish luxury and unbiased ease. He makes gold his god, and worships it with great devotion next to the weary-bearted, and he to himself a gilden ox of down when right and wrong are lost. He chooses the beast that rises to the wine-cup's brim, rather than the genital fear which overflows the cup of sympathy, and the tear that falls for the young and thoughtless through the path which has not yet passed, and at the same time, he sees with no light reward it, when he might lead them, by his well-used power, to a final resurrection, the way to which would shine with deeds whose brightness would go before them to God's throne.

Too much fancy is not necessary in our commercialism or writings; it begets vain and puerile ideas, which lead neither to make or wiser nor better. Our thoughts should be produced by good sense and right reason, and ought always to be the effect of our judgment.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

GENTLE WORDS BEST.

BY AMINTA MORSE.

Thy words of upbraiding
I cannot forget;
With anguish subduing
I think of them yet.

Oh, it was bitterness,
Great bitterness in thee,
With so much unlooked for
To speak unto me.

Gentle words spoken
Can ever soothe;
That speak unbroken
This precious truth.

But harsh, hasty chiding
I call ne'er atone—
It renders abiding
The hurts it would cure.

Its memory never
Beneath the heart
In sunless forever,
Just below the heart.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BILL BROWN'S VISIT TO GOTHAM.

BY JOHN O. SAXE.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.—Horace.

Bill Brown resides near a country village;
And has fitted his lot by honest diligence
Of good mother Earth;
Who kindly given birth
To whatever, in fact, has made the world,
Or real value, or general use,
From the largest ox to the faintest goose,
Whatever is good to eat or wear,
To keep us warm or make us fair—
All comes alike from good mother Earth.
In south, but trace the process out,
And you'll find, beyond a doubt,
That almost everything we see,
However high in its degree,
However fine, or rich or rare,
Is but a kind of *Bobinet*!—

And so Bill wrought
As a farmer ought.
Who, doomed to toil by original sinning,
Began—like Adam—at the beginning;
He plowed, he harrowed and he sowed;
He drilled, he planted, and he hoed;
He dug and delved, and reaped and mowed.
(I wish I could—but I can't tell how
Whether he used a sub-soil plow;
Or whether Bill had not access
A regular reaping and mak-ing-machine)

He took most pains
With the softer grains
Of higher value and finer texture
Which, possibly, one
Inclined to a pun,
Would call—like *Harper*—his "cereal lesson"!
With wheat his lands were at least blessed
'Twas amazing to look at his fields of maize:
And there were pleas
That showed ripe focus
As pleasant to see as so many Grecos
And so for Hops
His annual crops
(So very excessive that, on my word,
They fairly reached from pole to pole!)
Would beat the giant of any old fable
Or,—the longest season at Saratoga!
Whatever seed did most abound,
In the gospel creed that Autumn found.

It was his plan,
Though a moderate man,
To be early rousing it into the ground;
That is to say,
In another way—
Whether the seed was barley or hay,
Large or little, or green or gray,
Provided only 'twas like to "pay,"
He never chose to loiter in vain
By stupidly going against the grain,
But hastened away without delay,
And carefully put it into his crop.
And he raised cucumbers
And long rows of potatoes,
More corn, in sooth, than I could tell;
Turnips, that always turned out well;
Celery, all that he could sell;
Pumps by the bushel, sour and sweet;
Beets, that certainly couldn't be beat;
Cabbage—like some satirical mood—
When first fairly re-assured the ground;
Some pumpkins—more than he could house, and
Ten thousand pease; (that's twenty thousand!)
Fruit of all kinds and propagations,
Delicious Peaches, and Cucumbers,
And apples of other appellations.
To sum it all up in the briefest space,
As I've once suppose, Brown flourished apace,
Just because he proceeded, I venture to say,
In the safe-enterprising sort of way;
That is—if you're not University-bred—
He took Croker's advice about going ahead.
At all the State Fairs he held a fair station,
Raised horses and cows with the cow-reputation;
Made butter and sugar; took a Justice's skirt;
Grew wheat, sold and hemp; corn, cattle, and-rich!

But who could be always a country-clown?
And so Bill Brown
Sat himself down,
And, knitting his brow in a cautious frown,
He said, says he—
It's plain to see
And I think Mr. B. will be apt to agree,
(If she don't, it's much the same to me,)
That I, Bill Brown,
Should go to town!

But then, says he, what town shall it be?
Boston-town is considered heavy,
And York is farther, and so will be dearer.
But then, of course, the sight will be queerer;
Besides, I'm told, you're surely a lost 'un,
If you once get astray in the streets of Boston.
York is right-angled;
And Boston, right-angled;
And both, I've no doubt, are uncommon new-angled.
Ah!—the "Sarrus," I remember, belong to York.
('Twas ten years ago I sold them my pork.)
Good, honest traders—I'll like to know them
And so—'tis settled—I'll go to Gotham!

And so Bill Brown
Bid himself down,
With many a smile and never a frown,
And rode, by rail, to that notable town
Which I really think well worthy of mention
As being America's greatest invention!
Indeed, I'll be bound that if Nature and Art,
(Though the former, being older, has gotten the start,)
In some new Crystal Palace of suitable size,
Should show their *chefs-d'œuvre*, and contend for the prize,
The latter would prove, when it came to the scratch,
Where'er you may think, no contemptible match;
For should Mr. Nature endeavor to stagger her
By presenting, at last, her majestic Niagara;
Miss Art would produce at no sluggard work
In her great, overwhelming, unleashed New York!

And now Mr. Brown
Was fairly in town,
In that part of the city they used to call "down,"
Not far from the spot of ancient renown
As being the scene
Of the Bowling Green,
A fountain that looked like a huge tureen
Piled up with rocks, and a squirt between;
But the "Bowling" now has gone where they tell
Of "the Fall of the Ten," in a neighboring alley;
And at in the "Green"—why, that you will find
Whenever you see the "invisible" kind!—
And he stopped at an Inn that's known very well
As "Solomonic" one—or "Stevens' Hotel";
(And, to borrow a pun which I think rather witty,
There's no better Inn in this Sun-famous city)

And, Mr. Brown
Strolled up town,
And I'm going to write his travels down;
But if you suppose *Bill Brown* will disclose
The usual size and fullness of prose
Who knows rural regions to see city-shows—
You couldn't well make
A greater mistake!

For Brown was a man of excellent sense;
Could see very well through a whole in a fence,
And was honest and plain, without sham or pretence.

And here let me say,
In a very dogmatic, overhasty way,
(And I'll prove it before I have done with my boy)
Not only that honesty's likely to "pay,"
But that one must be, as a general rule,
At least half a knave to be wholly a fool!

Of pocket-book lore Bill never had heard,
(Or at least if he had, he'd forgotten the word)
And now when, at length, the occasion occurred
For that sort of chaff he wasn't the chap
The gentleman argued with eloquent force,
And begged him to spend his money of course:
But Brown, without blushing at all what he said,
Popped out the first thing that entered his head,
(Which chanced to be wondrously fitting and true,)
"No—no—my dear Sir—I'll be *bored* if I do!"

Two lively young fellows, Bill soon found,
Assumed him awhile with a pretty snatch—

An ivory ball, which he never had seen.
But though the unsuspecting stranger
To the "patent safe" saw no patent danger,
He easily found, by the end of the day,
Because "he wasn't accustomed to bet."

Ah!—here, I wot,
A long row of pegs
To make a small fortune as easy as nots!
Think man with Bill Brown, he'll soon be has got!
It's "Going—the best of that elegant lot—
To close a concern, at a desperate rate—
The jeweler stated, as certain as fate!—
A capital watch!—you may see by the weight—
Worth two dollars!—it's hard to be letting the thing go
For only nine dollars!—it's cruel, by Jingo!
Ten dollars!—I'm selected—the watch is yours
Ten dollars!—ten dollars!—say twelve, and it's yours
"Don't start it!"—quoth Brown—"I don't wish to buy
Fifty dollars, I'm sure, one couldn't call high—
But to see the man *vanish!*—Dear Sir, I declare—
Between two or three blinkers, it doesn't seem fair:
To knock it off now were surely a sin;
Just wait, my dear Sir, till the people cease in!
Allow me to say, you disgrace your politics
As Sheriff—considering the debtor's confidence—
To sell such a watch without more competition!"
And here Mr. Brown
Gave a very thick frown,
Stepped leisurely out, and walked further up town.

To see him story along Broadway
In the afternoon, of a summer's day,
And note what he shunned to see and say;

And what people he meets
In the narrower streets,
Were a pregnant theme for a longer lay.
How he marveled at those prodigious shops
Who go talking about in enormous bills,
Those curious people in tattered breeches,
The ragged-wrapped, and the free-and-easy dishes,
Who find in the very meanest cuisine
A "decent living," and sometimes more;
How he thought city prices exceedingly queer,
The "famous tea-cheap, and the hacks too dear;"
How he stuck in the mud, and got lost in the queer-
Est fashion
A problem too hard for his mental digestion—
Why—in cleaning the city, the city employs
Such a very small army of very small boys;
How he judges by fares, and, accordingly makes
By setting up shares, the dwellers mistakes
In all simple matters they ever were vicious,
Or women of merit could be mercricious,
He imagines the dashing Fifth-Avenue dames
The same as the girls with unspeakable names—
An exceedingly natural blunder to mock,
But, I'm happy to say, very far from the truth:
Far e'en as the worse, where'er you suppose,
The one sort of ladies can show their bonnets,
While an to the other—but every one knows
All—of "heroes and women" in modish disdain.

And Mr. Brown
Returned from town,
With a brain new hot, and a muslin gown,
As he told the rain, when the sun was down,
How he spent his nights, and saved his crown;
How he showed his pluck in resisting the claim
Of an impudent fellow who asked his name—

But paid—as a gentleman ever is willing—
At the old Park-Gate the regular shilling!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROBERT S.—We have already cautioned our readers respecting the use of the word "*Reliable*." We do not know why a known physician improvidently commenced it, not originally, but we have since made use of it in preference to several words by purose. For uncommon originality, or earnestness, the warm heart is the true source. Only those who have a warm and earnest heart can be of the necessaries of life. By effort we mention it is for two reasons. First, because we have received and read the papers or new pamphlets to him, and he raised the commendation of the book. Secondly, because we have received